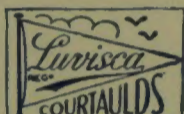


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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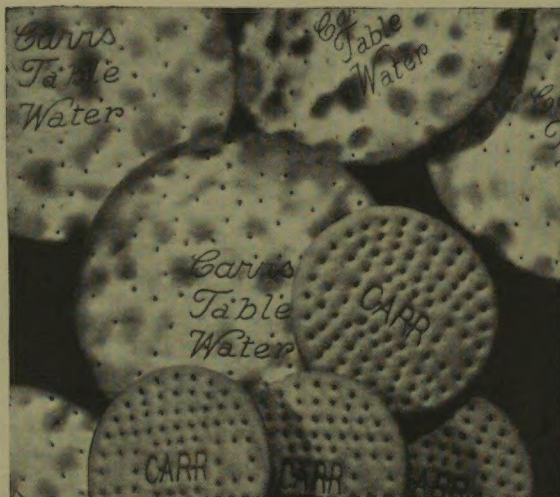
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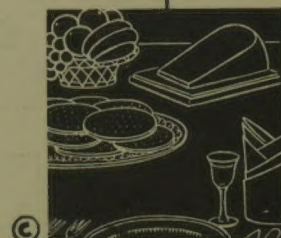
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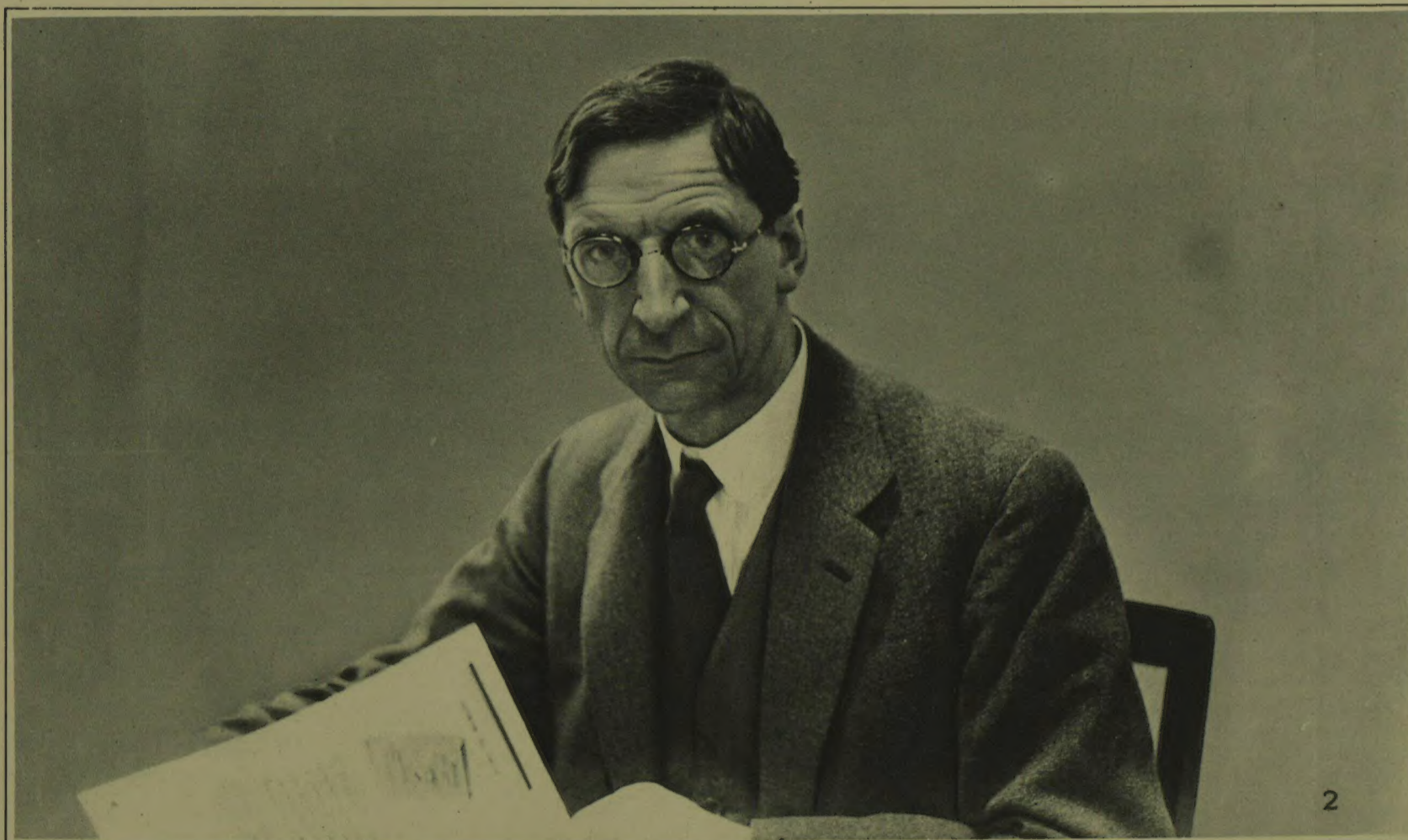
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1932.



**PROTAGONISTS IN THE IRISH FREE STATE ELECTION: (1) MR. COSGRAVE, GOVERNMENT PARTY, AND (2) MR. DE VALERA, FIANNA FAIL, THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.**

The Irish Free State polled on Tuesday, February 16. The election was the most momentous held in Ireland since the Free State was created ten years ago, for the voters well knew that Mr. de Valera was desirous of ridding the Constitution of the oath of allegiance and that Mr. Cosgrave had said of Fianna Fail: "These people oppose the Treaty root and branch. They have never lost sympathy, they have never lost contact, with those who believe in armed

opposition to our institutions." The new Dail will meet on March 2. At the time of the Dissolution the party figures were as follows: Government Party, with the Farmers' Party, 71; Fianna Fail, 56; Independent, 13; Labour, 10; Independent Labour, 2. The oath taken by members of the Irish Senate and Dail includes the swearing of allegiance to King George V. and his heirs and successors by law, "in virtue of the common citizenship of Ireland with Great Britain."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

SUCH remnants of a conscience as remain in me as a journalist, touching such rags of responsibility as may still belong to the function of journalism, lead me to say a word at this stage about my relation to practical politics, now that politics are becoming painfully practical. For practical politics generally arise out of the action of impractical politicians. It has never been my purpose on this page to draw final conclusions; to force them on the reader or to apply them directly to practice. I mean that I should not use this column to tell people directly to vote for such and such a tariff or turn out such and such a Government, save in very exceptional cases. It seems to me the wrong place to be placarded with such positive and practical directions; if for no other reason, because there is no very practical way of inserting any reply.

What I have attempted to do is this: to take any or all of the conflicting statements; to endeavour to elucidate what a statement really means; occasionally with the result of discovering that it means nothing. But the practical policy might lead to something, even if this particular statement of it means nothing. I do not say that all the arguments used in the argument are worthless; still less that all the arguments used on one side are worthless. I merely point out that people on that side, on both sides, on all sides, have got into the habit of using worthless arguments. Or rather, to speak truly, of using catchwords and slogans that do not really pretend to be arguments. There are other places where I may more properly press the definite claims of my own very definite private convictions about politics, economics, ethics, and religion. Here I deal chiefly with what is common to all views of all these things. I deal with the use and abuse of logic; the use and abuse of language; the duty of talking sense even on the wrong side; the duty of not talking nonsense even on the right side. There may be things I think so absolutely abnormal as to deserve to be treated as monstrosities. I thought so of the servile ideal of Prussianism; I think so of the servile ideal of Prohibition. But by far the greater part of what I have written here has been directed, not against things, but against theories supposed to support those things; not against the Government, but against this or that howling headline glorifying the Government; not against the Opposition, but against this or that noisy sophistry employed by the Opposition. So far as this critical function goes, what they say is more illuminating than what they do; and even what they do is not so important as why they do it.

In the present very perilous poise or balance of the affairs of the world, this will be well illustrated in wise and unwise ways of talking about peace or war. Just before I began to write in this paper (which was just after I had really begun to write at all), it was the time of the triumph of Rudyard Kipling; who, with Henley and Newbolt and the other prophets of Imperialism, urged England certainly towards expansion, and practically towards war. I disagreed both with the practice and the theory; but I was more concerned with the theory than the practice. I opposed the particular war, the

war in South Africa, in many places. But I am much more interested, in this place, in recalling the mottoes and moral sentiments; generally very immoral sentiments. In short, that Imperial movement had its crop of catchwords, and my business here is to warn people against being caught by some such catchwords.

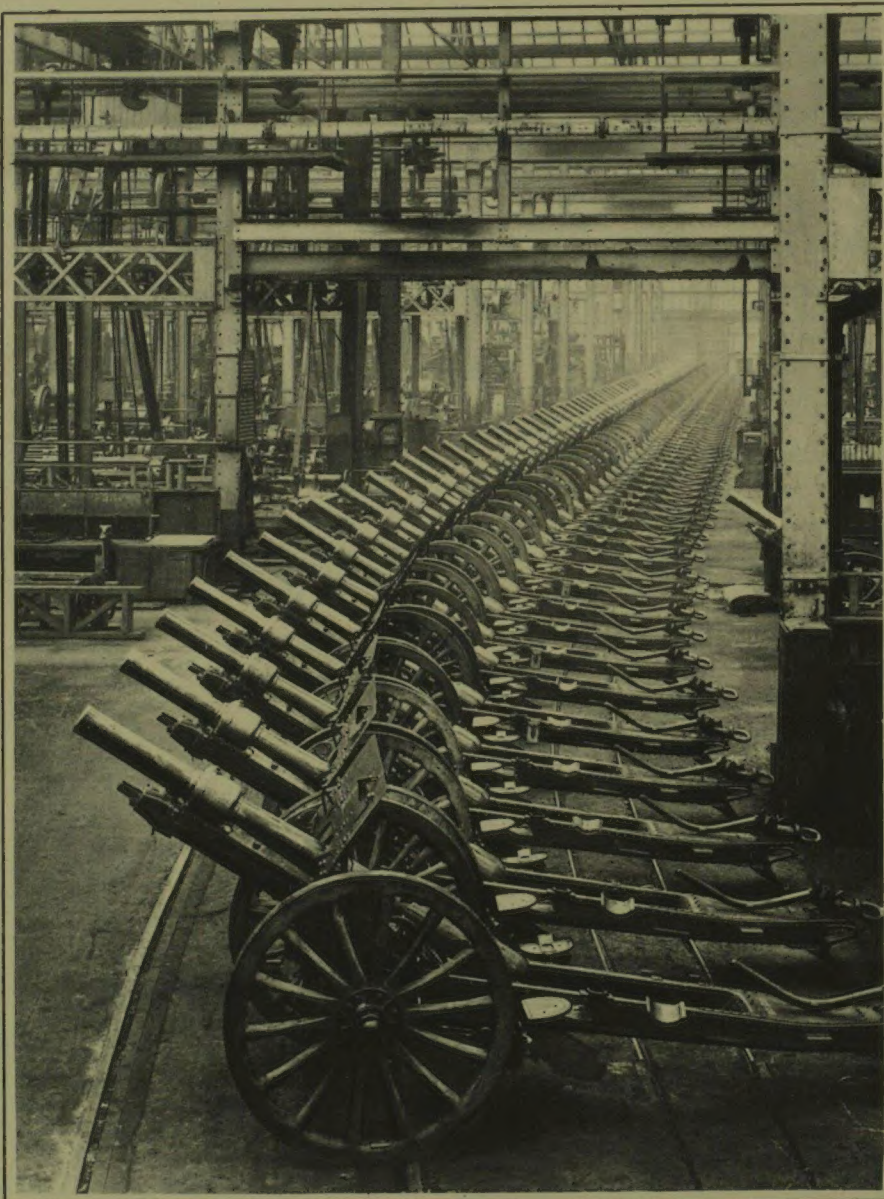
For instance, the objection to the phrase, which was then very popular, "My country, right or wrong," is not only an objection of mere logic, but of mere grammar. It is not a bold and militant statement

wrong, retains some rights," which is so true as to be merely a truism; or else the sentence must end, "My country, right or wrong, must be treated as if she were right." Which, being obvious nonsense, was generally what the Jingo journalists did mean, so far as they meant anything. Or the journalists would justify that war by justifying all war; and justify all war by saying that anything is justifiable. To say that anything is justifiable is to say that nothing is just. Some of them preached an evolutionary anarchy against all justice, using sham scientific tags like "the survival of the fittest."

This is a very transparent catchword, and yet not everybody could see the catch in it. For it only means that one of the animals, very much of the lower animals, is fit to survive. It does not mean that he is fit to rule, or fit to be admired, or fit to be touched with a barge-pole. All these claptrap phrases were used in favour of the Boer War, but I do not condemn them here for being in favour of the Boer War. They were not my reasons for being against the Boer War. I condemn them for being claptrap; and what applied then to the cant of war applies afterwards to the cant of peace.

For instance, it is bosh in the abstract, it is bosh in the absolute sense, to say there is no heroism in war because there is so much horror in war. In a case like that, I am not concerned with the war, but only with the argument. It is usually propounded first in the form, or formlessness, of long, dreary, dirty, snivelling novels and plays, devoted, not so much to a confession of cowardice, as rather to a boast of cowardice. Then, at the end of a catalogue of cruel, horrible, or repulsive experiences, we should find the inevitable catchword, "There is nothing glorious about war." Now, those who glorified war glorified courage. They glorified, rightly or wrongly, man's power of defying and enduring cruel, horrible, or repulsive experiences. It is idiotic to answer them by saying that the real experiences called for even more courage than they suppose. It is as if a man were to say, "There is nothing noble about martyrdom. You imagine, I suppose, that St. Catherine was perfectly cosy and happy when being broken on the wheel; but I assure you it is most uncomfortable. You are under the impression, no doubt, that St. Lawrence thoroughly enjoyed being broiled on a gridiron; but, if you try it, you will find it is really quite tiresome." If we merely bash on the head the people who talk such bosh, instead of broiling them on gridirons or breaking them on wheels, we do not thereby even prejudice the question of the value of the Early Christians, or even of Christianity. We simply see it is silly to take people who are only admired for enduring so much pain, and then answer that there was so much pain that there can be no admiration.

Similarly, it has nothing to do with my disapproval of one war in the past, my approval of another war in the past, or my common Christian hope that we shall avoid any war in the future that I venture to nail down these particular pacifist arguments as nonsense. It is in the interests, not of the conduct of war, but of the conduct of controversy. For it does not prepare men for peace to deafen them with claptrap till they cannot listen to reason.



PUBLISHED TO PREVENT A POSSIBILITY OF MISUNDERSTANDING: A SCENE IN A BRITISH MUNITION WORKS IN 1918—18-POUNDER FIELD GUNS AWAITING SHIPMENT TO FRANCE FOR THE SERVICE OF THE ALLIES.

Our famous contemporary, the French illustrated paper "L'Illustration," published the above photograph as a full-page in its issue of February 13, with the following description: "En Marge de la Conférence du Désarmement: 'Si vis Pacem...' Une série de canons de campagne dans les ateliers d'une grande firme britannique." No doubt can be entertained by those who know how friendly is the disposition of "L'Illustration" to the Allies of France that that journal was misled into believing that the photograph in question represents a present-day scene. Nevertheless, the description accompanying it may well imply that such an activity in the manufacture of armaments does not accord with the declared views of the British representatives at the Disarmament Conference. Owing to the world-wide distribution of "L'Illustration," a paper which is famous not only for its artistic production but for the accuracy of its contents, we feel it incumbent upon us to disabuse any who may consider that the above photograph has any connection whatever with activities of the moment. In actuality it records an example of the efforts made by Great Britain during the War to assist France against the common enemy. Every one of the guns depicted was sent to the Front in 1918, when this photograph was taken.

defying the world; on the contrary, it is so very timid and weak a statement that it could not even be completely stated. The man who said it thus was not a hero fighting for his own country. He was a coward who dared not even finish his own sentence. Anybody who will try to finish that sentence will find that he has to think; a painful process. For the sentence must either end, "My country, right or

## THE CAMERA AS RECORDER:



THE WATERLOO CUP: THE WINNER, THE FAWN DOG PUPPY "BEN TINTO," WITH ITS OWNER, MR. J. SHAND, AND ITS TRAINER, ROBERT WRIGHT.

Mr. Shand (in light overcoat) is seen with Mrs. Shand. Robert Wright, of Formby, is at the left of the photograph, and it is his daughter who is standing by the winner. "Ben Tinto," which is by "Raingauge" out of "Bright Event," was bred by Mr. E. C. Bradley and was nominated by Mr. W. Ellis.



A CHANGE-GIVING MACHINE IN A LONDON TUBE: SMALL SILVER AND COPPERS GIVEN IN EXCHANGE FOR 2S. 6D., 2S., 1S., OR 6D. PIECES.

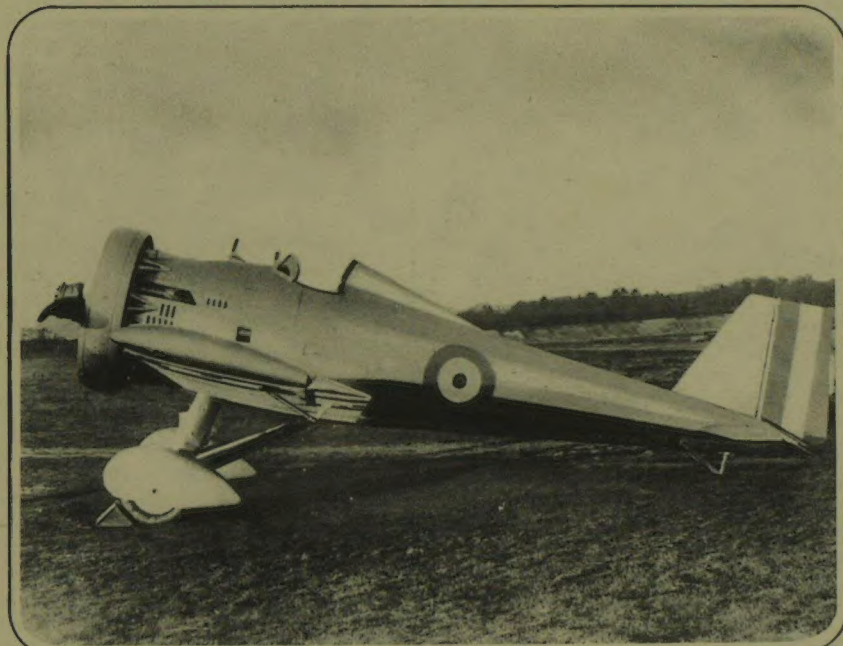
This new automatic change-giving machine has been installed in the Oxford Circus Tube Station and is, of course, for the benefit of passengers who desire to use automatic ticket-delivering machines but have not the necessary small coins. Obviously, the device will relieve congestion at booking-offices.

## NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



JUDGED TO BE THE BEST DOG EXHIBITED AT CRUFT'S SHOW: THE LABRADOR "BRAMSHAW BOB"; WITH ITS OWNER, LORNA LADY HOWE.

After over a hundred winners of challenge certificates in the breed classes had been paraded before the judges at Cruft's, the award for the best dog in the Show fell to "Bramshaw Bob," a Labrador owned by Lorna Lady Howe. The decision was greeted with much cheering and general applause.



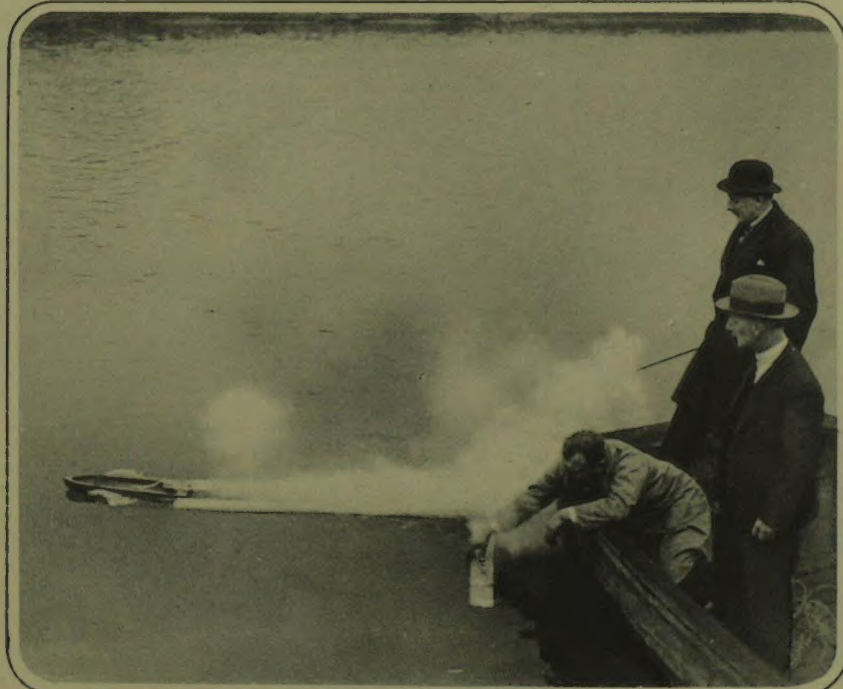
REPORTED ABLE TO FLY AT VERY GREAT HEIGHTS AND DESIGNED FOR A PILOT EQUIPPED WITH OXYGEN BREATHING-APPARATUS: THE NEW ALL-METAL VICKERS "JOCKEY" SINGLE-SEAT INTERCEPTOR FIGHTER.

It is reported that the new Vickers "Jockey," which has two machine-guns and is designed to fight raiders at anything between 13,000 and 36,000 feet above sea-level, can attain a speed of nearly four miles a minute when at great heights. The pilot would be equipped with oxygen apparatus and aided by an electrically warmed cockpit and suit.



COFFEE AS FUEL IN BRAZIL: FIRING A RAILWAY-ENGINE WITH A COMMODITY WHICH CANNOT BE MARKETED, THE SUPPLY VERY GREATLY EXCEEDING THE DEMAND, MUCH TO THE LOSS OF MANY GROWERS.

This photograph reaches us from Rio de Janeiro. The supply of Brazil's chief product, coffee, is so far ahead of the demand that the surplus of the crop has proved an embarrassment. Hence the facts that much coffee has been thrown away as being of no market value, and that much is being used in a manner not contemplated by the unlucky growers—for instance, as fuel!



A MODEL SPEED-BOAT HULL DRIVEN BY ROCKET-POWER: MR. KAYE DON WATCHING TESTS OF MINIATURE "MISS ENGLANDS" AT THORNYCROFT'S.

Mr. Kaye Don, who will pilot Lord Wakefield's new speed-boat, "Miss England III," in endeavours to set up new records at Lake Garda in May and at Detroit in September, is here seen watching the testing of model hulls in view of the construction of the craft at Thornycroft's Hampton Launch Works. Rockets were used as motive power.



THE ILL-FATED "M2'S" SEAPLANE REMOVED FROM THE HANGAR OF THE SUNKEN SUBMARINE: THE DAMAGED MACHINE AT PORTLAND FOR INSPECTION.

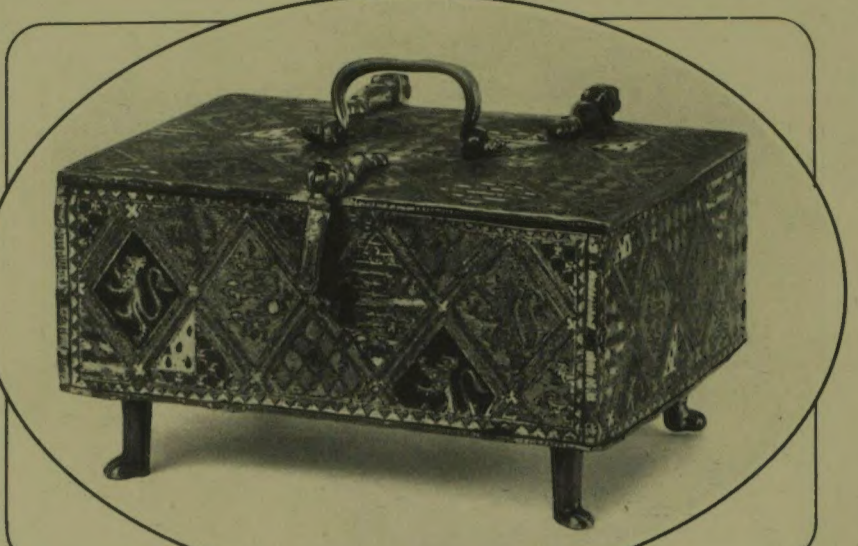
The seaplane of "M2," which was found wedged in the hangar of the sunken submarine, was raised on February 8 and towed to Portland Harbour. The task of disengaging the seaplane from the wreck was made very difficult by the strong currents, and there was considerable risk of the divers being endangered by the wire struts.

## FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



ULSTER'S NEW PARLIAMENT HOUSE, WHICH MAY BE OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES:  
THE BUILDING AT STORMONT, NEAR BELFAST.

It was reported recently that the Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, Viscount Craigavon, proposed to ask the Prince of Wales to visit Ulster and perform the opening ceremony at the magnificent new Parliament House, which has recently been completed at Stormont, near Belfast. In this connection it was pointed out that the Prince has never hitherto been in the North of Ireland, and this fact would consequently add to the interest of the occasion.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM:  
THE VALENCE CASKET, MADE BETWEEN 1290 AND 1296.

This historic little casket, of gilt copper decorated with champlevé enamel (probably Limoges), bears the arms of William de Valence, Earl of Pembroke and half-brother to Henry III., the Royal House of England, and the Dukes of Brittany, Angoulême, and Brabant. These point to a date for the casket between 1290, when Margaret, daughter of Edward I., married John, Duke of Brabant, and the Earl of Pembroke's death in 1296.



EARTHQUAKE IN CUBA: THE CATHEDRAL CLOCK-TOWER AT SANTIAGO CRACKED DURING A DISASTER IN WHICH TWELVE PEOPLE WERE KILLED AND HUNDREDS INJURED.

The eastern end of Cuba was shaken by an earthquake in the early hours of February 3. Santiago, the second largest city in the island, suffered most, but fortunately an early report, which gave the number of dead as between 1500 and 2000, proved to have been greatly exaggerated. It was stated later that 12 people had been killed and about 300 injured. The beautiful cathedral was badly damaged.



AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY OF OLD WORCESTER PORCELAIN: ONE OF A PAIR OF VASES, IN THE CHINESE MANNER, DATING FROM ABOUT 1755, FOUND IN SUSSEX.

A pair of vases, about 2 ft. 9½ in. high, discovered in a Sussex junk shop, have been identified as early examples from the factory at Worcester founded by Dr. Wall in 1751. They are important as records of an attempt to imitate Chinese blue and white on a large scale, and can be dated about 1755. They are now owned by Messrs. Stoner and Evans, by whose courtesy this photograph is given.



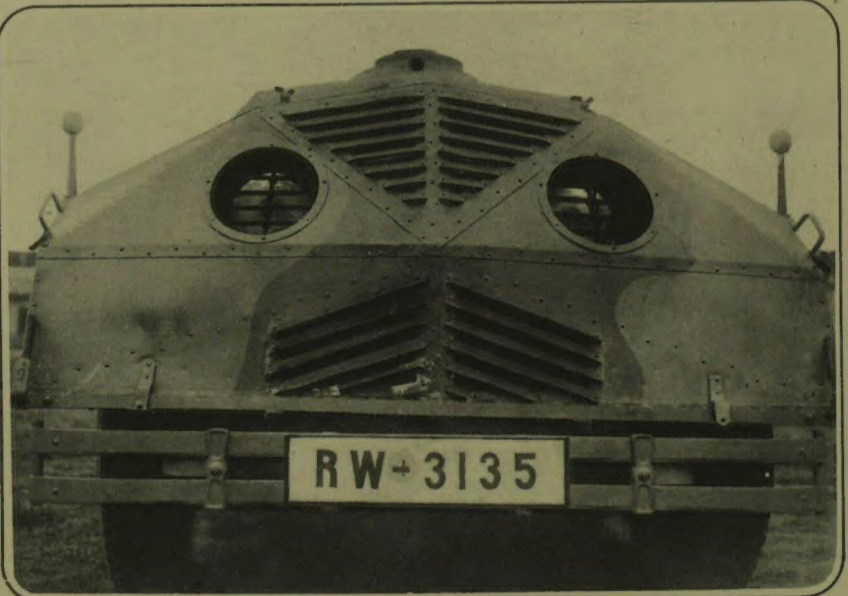
A PAINTING BY LUCAS CRANACH THE ELDER (1472-1553), IDENTIFIED IN A BERLIN CHURCH: "CHRIST PRAYING IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE."

This oil painting of Christ praying in the Garden of Gethsemane, preserved in the parish church of Karlshorst, a suburb of Berlin, has been declared by Geheimrat Max Friedländer, Director of the State Museums, to be the work of Lucas Cranach the Elder. The picture, which is about 3 ft. high, bears the master's signature, and is dated about 1540.



TANKS, WHICH ARE NOT ALL THEY SEEM: REALISTIC "DUMMIES" OF SHEET-IRON AND PASTEBOARD USED BY THE GERMAN REICHSWEHR FOR INFANTRY TRAINING.

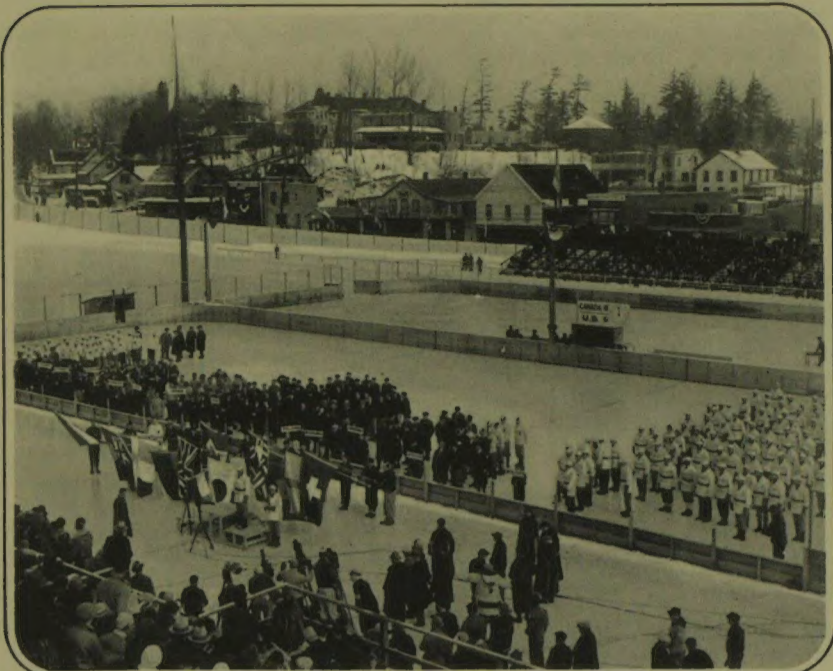
In our issue of January 30 last we gave three pages of photographs illustrating some smaller types of "dummy" tanks, as employed by the German Reichswehr in place of real tanks, the use of which is at present denied to them. These "dummies" are constructed of sheet-iron and cardboard, ingeniously designed to represent the real thing. Our photographs showed also how the component parts could be easily detached and carried by a few men. The examples given



THE FRONT OF ONE OF THE GERMAN "DUMMY" TANKS: A CLOSE-UP VIEW SHOWING THE RADIATOR AND CIRCULAR GRIDS FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE HEAD-LIGHTS.

here are of a rather larger and more elaborate type than the "baby" tanks previously illustrated. They are fitted with imitation gun-turrets and slits for machine-guns, with protective shutters, and circular grids guarding the head-lights. They are not, however, provided with sham caterpillar wheels, like the "baby" tanks, but look rather like armoured cars. As we pointed out before, these "dummies" are valuable for training infantry to co-operate with tanks or in anti-tank defence.

## THREE WORLD-EVENTS BY PHOTOGRAPHY. &amp; MUSSOLINI'S OFFICIAL VISIT TO THE POPE.



THE OPENING OF THE THIRD WINTER OLYMPIC GAMES BY GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT: TEAM MEMBERS, WITH FLAGS OF THE COMPETING NATIONS, TAKING THE OLYMPIC OATH AT LAKE PLACID.



THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE POPE'S CORONATION: THE MASS CELEBRATED IN ST. PETER'S BEFORE AN ATTENDANCE OF SOME 35,000 PEOPLE WHO HAD COME TO RECEIVE THE PAPAL BENEDICTION.



JAPANESE MARINES AT SHANGHAI: A DETACHMENT, WITH THEIR FIELD PIECES, AWAITING ORDERS TO JOIN THE FORCES WHICH ATTACKED THE CHINESE IN CHAPEI AT THE END OF JANUARY.



THE END OF DISSENSIONS BETWEEN THE HOLY SEE AND THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI ON HIS WAY TO THE VATICAN, ATTENDED BY GUARDS ON HORSE-BACK AND DRIVING PAST CHEERING CROWDS.



THE WRECKED COACHES OF THE VENTIMIGLIA-PARIS EXPRESS; BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN DELIBERATELY DERAILED: A SUSPECTED BOMB OUTRAGE WHICH CAUSED CONSIDERABLE DAMAGE, BUT NO LOSS OF LIFE.

The 1932 winter Olympic Games at Lake Placid were formally opened on February 4 by Governor Roosevelt, of the State of New York. Lake Placid is situated in the heart of the mountains, beneath the peak of Mount Whiteface, one of the highest of the Adirondack summits. The climate is a fine one for winter sports, and the temperature may fall to as much as 40 degrees below zero.—As we go to press, news from Shanghai indicates a quieter state of affairs than has prevailed throughout the last few weeks. It is stated that further military activity is not expected, at least until the Chinese forces have been given an opportunity to withdraw. The Japanese continue, however, to land troops at the Settlement, and it is reported that Kuomintang leaders are urging Chiang Kai-shek to adopt a policy of active resistance.—On the evening of February 14 the express from Ventimiglia to Paris was derailed in the suburbs of Marseilles. There was a violent explosion, believed to have been due to a bomb. Similar outrages occurred in Germany and Hungary last year.



SIGNOR MUSSOLINI'S FIRST OFFICIAL VISIT TO THE POPE: THE DUCE, WEARING THE UNIFORM OF AN ITALIAN PRIME MINISTER AND THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN SPUR, AMONG OFFICIALS OF HIS SUITE AND OF THE VATICAN.

On February 12, Pope Pius XI. celebrated the tenth anniversary of his coronation. Mass was said in St. Peter's, and afterwards, speaking a few words into the microphone, the Pope broadcast to the world a prayer for peace. On the previous day took place the long-expected meeting between the Pope and Signor Mussolini. The Duce himself described the private audience, which lasted over an hour, as a very satisfactory one, and it is believed that no point of friction remained undiscussed. This was the first occasion, since Italy became a united nation, that her Prime Minister had had an official meeting with the Roman Pontiff; and the interview has a particular significance in that it sets the seal upon the Lateran Treaty and Concordat signed three years ago. The differences that arose since then between the Holy See and the Italian Government, especially on matters of education and on the political activity of the Church, had prevented a meeting; but the recent bestowal of Papal decorations upon the King of Italy and the Duce promised the reconciliation, in all likelihood permanent, that has now occurred.

IN the House of Commons, the Home Secretary was recently asked whether his attention had been drawn to the scientific investigations of foreign police experts into the analysis of dust as a factor in crime detection; in particular, whether he was aware of the work of Dr. Edmond Locard, of Lyons; and whether the Metropolitan Police had adopted or examined the methods advocated, and with what results, in any recent crimes? In his reply, Sir Herbert Samuel stated that the Commissioner of Police had continual work kept upon all developments in the scientific side of criminal investigation, and had had his attention called to the work of Dr. Locard and many others. Careful scientific examination of dust was made wherever necessary. Although such cases were rare, the best technical assistance had been obtained whenever there was ground for supposing it would be of value. It may also be recalled that, in the recent annual Report on the Police Forces of England and Wales, Sir Llewellyn Attkerley, H.M. Inspector of Constabulary, writes: "Scientific aids are being called in to an increasing degree. The practical use of a microscope in the earlier stages of an investigation may provide clues which in the past were not known to exist." We may remind our readers that Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe, the author of the following article, contributed to our pages in 1928 a very comprehensive series of articles on the "Scientific Side of the Detection of Crime."

EDGAR ALLAN POE, in his wonderful story "The Purloined Letter," insists on the superiority of the poet over the mere reasoner, be he logician or mathematician. By this he intended to express his view that the poet's intuition and imagination can visualise undiscovered knowledge. But is it undiscovered knowledge? Or is not a fertile imagination the result of a vivid subconscious memory, a vague stirring in the brain of impressions transmitted from dead and forgotten forebears? The domesticated dog—half-wolf, half-fox—still turns in a circle, even on a hard floor, before curling up for rest, because ten thousand years ago his savage sires did this in order to make a couch in grass or undergrowth. Instinct, we say; but what is instinct if not a memory from the dim past? This applies to much that we consider new; and, strangely enough, to that most modern of all developments, the scientific detective. The writers—or, to use the generic term which Poe favoured, the poets—have ever painted pictures that inspired practical men of action. Jules Verne's *Nautilus* was father to the submarine; and, in similar fashion the heroes of Voltaire, Gaboriau, Poe, and Conan Doyle evolved methods which to-day



THE IMPRINT OF A HAND IN BLOOD: A TYPE OF CLUE MUCH FAVOURED BY THE PIONEERS OF DETECTIVE FICTION.

are used by the police all over the world. A detective is, above all, a skilful tracker, and the hunters and trackers of primitive peoples were, in truth, the first detectives, although their quarry was not always man. It is astonishing, indeed, how much the methods of modern detectives have in common with the almost uncanny powers of a practised woodsman. The only difference is that, whereas his skill is individual, the detection of criminals has become a systematic and co-ordinated science, and its complex rules are taught to every investigator.

Formerly, only those gifted with unusual powers



A PIECE OF EVIDENCE WORTHY OF LECOQ AT HIS BEST: (ON THE LEFT) THE END OF A ROPE WHICH BOUND A VICTIM; (ON THE RIGHT) THE END OF A COIL FOUND IN A SUSPECT'S ROOM—A DEMONSTRATION THAT THE TWO CUT ENDS FIT.

and exceptionally keen senses became successful detectives. To-day, the microscope and camera have decreased the range of our degenerate, civilised eyes; the microphone renders audible sounds our blunted ears no longer hear; chemical reactions assist our failing senses of smell and taste; and the telephone, wireless, motor-car, and aeroplane have replaced signal rods and beacon fires. But the ability to visualise what happened at the scene of a crime, and to discover the criminal by utilising traces that are meaningless, and often invisible, to the layman, is still the basis of all criminal investigations. Such reconstruction is only possible to those possessing imagination, and it is beyond question that writers of detective fiction have demonstrated the practical use to which their inventions could be put by the police. A number of people have imagined that identification by finger-prints is a recent innovation, but in truth it is incredibly ancient. Neolithic man had already discovered that no two human beings possessed similar ridges and lines on their finger-tips. He marked his cave-dwelling, his goods, and even his attire, with the day-like manner. It is only the systematic classification of finger-prints which is new. Where once it was slipshod and uncertain, criminal investigation is now precise, methodical, and accurate, although many of the methods still used by the police were old in Caesar's day, and have been merely adapted to meet modern requirements. Perhaps one of the best illustrations of this is the story by Voltaire entitled "Conte Oriental."

A Persian poet named Zadig was walking one morning in the woods surrounding his native town when his meditations were abruptly disturbed by the appearance of a number of men, some of whom ran frantically along the path, their eyes fixed on the ground, whilst others searched the bushes and beneath the undergrowth with sticks. Their leader, a member of the Queen's Household—as Zadig saw by his dress—approached him and asked: "Have you seen a dog, young man?"

"You are looking for a spaniel," Zadig replied. "It is small and has but lately given birth to puppies. Also, it has very long ears and is lame of the left forefoot."

"Which way did it go?" the officer cried joyfully. "I do not know; I have not seen the dog."

Convinced that the young man had stolen the animal, the officer caused Zadig to be arrested and

## THE DEBT OF THE POLICE

SOME LITERARY PIONEERS OF  
VOLTAIRE, DUMAS, POE,

By H. ASHTON-WOLFE, Assistant Investigator  
Morrill's Scientific

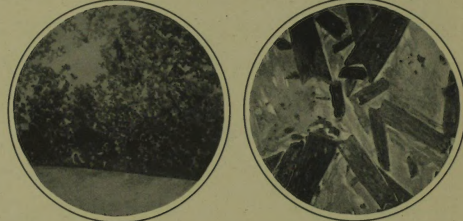
taken before the Caliph. He strenuously denied his guilt, and explained that, quite by chance, he had noticed the footprints of an animal on the path which he had taken. Their shape and size, and a curious blurred appearance, caused by long hair between the toes, convinced him that they had been made by a spaniel. At several spots, where the dog had encountered mounds of earth, small deep grooves between the footprints proved that the udder hung very low, and that therefore the animal had recently given birth to puppies. Furthermore, two continuous lines traced in the dust beside the footprints could have been caused only by the ears trailing on the ground; so the dog was small and the ears unusually long. He had also perceived that three of the footprints were deeply marked, whereas that of the left fore-foot was faint and irregular, and he had concluded from this that the dog was lame. During these explanations a servant announced that the spaniel had been found, and Zadig was released.

Some days later he was again stroiling through the woods when several soldiers appeared, accompanied by the master of the Caliph's stables.

"You are searching for a white horse," Zadig cried the moment he saw them. "It is surely the finest Arab in the King's stables. The hoofs are shod with silver, the bit is of pure gold; it has a tail a yard long and stands at least sixteen hands. Moreover, the horse is young and its gallop perfect."

"Allah be praised! Which way did it go?" the officer cried eagerly.

"I did not see it pass," Zadig replied; "I did



FRAGMENTS OF CLOTH RIPPED FROM DUST AS EVIDENCE IN MURDER CASES: GLOVES AND FOUND UNDER THE PARTICLES FOUND IN THE WAX OF A FINGER-NAILS OF A MURDERED WOMAN. CRIMINAL'S EAR—MUCH ENLARGED.

"The principal spot where characteristic, although microscopic, particles of dust are always found is in the wax of the ear. The following are typical examples of such particles, which in each instance led to the capture of a criminal: tiny severed hairs in the case of a barber; fragments of burnt coffee; tea; in the case of a woman murdered in a warehouse where this was packed; coal dust, metallic fragments, and plaster. The cerumen (wax) is extracted from the ear and examined by means of the micro-camera, spectrophotograph, and chemical analysis, or the ultra-violet rays."

not even know of its existence." Again Zadig was taken before the Caliph and accused of stealing his favourite stallion.

"My description of the horse," Zadig related, "was obtained entirely from the traces I discovered on the road. Its hoof-marks were small and the distance between them invariable; only a perfect, pure-blooded Arab has such hoofs and such a gait. Bushes were growing beside the path, which was six feet wide, and the dust had been blown into the leaves on both sides by the swish of a tail; therefore, it was at least a yard long. Moreover, leaves and twigs had been torn recently from overhanging branches, and this gave me the animal's height."

"But the silver shoes—the gold bit?" the Caliph interrupted.

"There were stones in the road, and on these the shoes had left traces of silver. The horse had also rubbed its bit against a rock, and a broad streak of yellow metal convinced me that it was soft, pure gold."

There is no doubt that this power of minute observation and accurate deduction is indispensable to all whose profession it is to investigate crime. Every skilful tracker has it. Alexandre Dumas, in his "Foresters," relates that a gamekeeper—François by name—obtained the release of his friend Bernard, accused of murdering a rival, by his extraordinary woodcraft. The proof of Bernard's guilt appeared indisputable, and it is not pleasant to think that men have been convicted time and again

## TO DETECTIVE FICTION:

SCIENTIFIC CRIME- INVESTIGATION:  
AND GABORIAU.

under DR. GEORGES BÉROUD, Director of the  
Police Laboratories.

on just such circumstantial evidence. It was known that Bernard had sworn to kill his rival, and his gun was found not far from the body. The bullet fired from this gun was of an unusual type, and similar ammunition and gun-wads were found in the suspected man's possession. He was seen near the spot at the time the crime was committed, and his boots fitted the footprints which the police discovered. Fortunately for the prisoner, his friend François had keen eyes, and was able to explain what really happened.

"My friend Bernard was hidden near the road along which he knew his rival would come. Whilst waiting he had walked up and down, and, becoming



A PLASTER CAST OF A FOOTPRINT, SHOWING CLEARLY THE NAILS IN THE SOLE AND HEEL OF THE BOOT.

impatient, stamped his foot several times. This can be seen from the traces in the soft ground. Finally, the man for whom he waited arrived on horseback. He tied the horse to a tree, probably intending to walk to the house of the girl whom both he and Bernard were courting, since it stands at the edge of the road. When dismounting he must have dropped something, for I found a wax taper near the horse and the marks of finger-tips in the soil. This gave Bernard his opportunity! He dropped to one knee, ready to take aim; I saw where the butt of his gun had rested on the ground beside his knee; but evidently he could not bring himself to commit murder, for he rose and threw his gun away; it has left a clear imprint, and it was still at half-cock. This would not have been so had he fired. Thereupon my friend walked away with a normal stride, but he was angry, for he tore his clothes on the thorny shrubs through which he carelessly forced a path. I have brought several shreds of cloth, which you will find came from the suit he wore."

"At once, someone who had watched his movements from behind a tree crawled to the gun on hands and knees and shot the man Bernard had meant to kill. This unknown then ran to the body, but in doing so stepped in a rabbit hole and sprained his left ankle. I followed his footsteps: up to the



A MODERN TYPE OF PLASTER CAST OF A FOOTPRINT MADE BY A RUBBER SOLE AND HEEL.

hole they are firm—but the left foot broke through the top and thereafter only the right foot is clear; the other barely touched the ground."

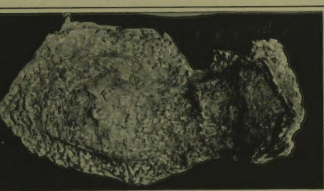
Thanks to these indications, the man with the sprained ankle was caught and Bernard released. Dumas' allusion to the bullet and gun-wad is interesting, for modern investigators have made the identification of both an accurate science. Edgar Poe's stories are so well known that they need not mention them. His solution of the mystery of "Marie Rogêt" actually brought about the arrest of the murderer, and the method of deduction evolved by Poe is used by the police in similar cases. Emile Gaboriau goes farther; his heroes, Lecoq and Tabaret, are perhaps the first fiction detectives who investigated crime scientifically. I may be pardoned, therefore, for citing one of several typical instances. The best is "L'Affaire Lerouge."

A woman is found murdered. She has been stabbed in the back by a long, thin blade, much like that of a foil.

The police, all unskilled at that time in the art of reading the minute traces a murderer always leaves, are unable to visualise what occurred. Tabaret is summoned and proceeds to investigate in his own fashion. After an hour's work he rejoins the *juge d'instruction* and lays a series of what to-day are termed exhibits on the table and relates what he has discovered.

"This crime," Tabaret declares, "was not committed for gain. The assassin arrived here before nine o'clock; rain began to fall then, and, although there is some dirt from his boots under the table at which he sat, there is no mud. His visit was unexpected, and Mme. Lerouge had begun to undress—

you see she has a shawl over her cotton bed-jacket—and was pulling up the weight of that clock against the wall when a knock came on the door. I have examined the clock—it must be wound every twenty-four hours. There is a chair before it, and



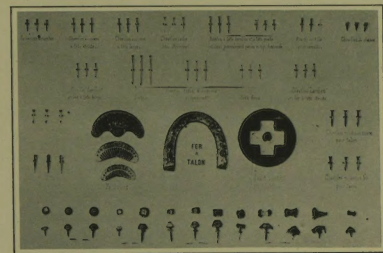
A PLASTER CAST OF A FOOTPRINT, DIFFERING LITTLE FROM THE ROUGH CASTS MADE WHEN DETECTION WAS IN ITS INFANCY.

the weights are hanging mid-way. The mark of the dead woman's foot is still visible on the leather top of the chair. She must have known the assassin, since she admitted him without hesitation. He is a tall young man, and was well dressed. He wore a silk hat, carried an umbrella, and smoked a Tabaco

cigar, using a holder. Here are plaster casts of his footprints! Examine the elegant shape of the sole and the small heel! Instead of crossing a flower bed in the garden he leapt over it; his deep foot-marks prove it, and the leap was over five feet, therefore the man was young and vigorous. He searched for

something after the murder, and felt with his hands in the dust on the top of that wardrobe; only a tall man could do that. Had he stood on a chair he would have looked inside of passing his hands over the surface. His silk hat has left a circle upon a small, dusty table, and his umbrella made several clear imprints in the soft earth outside.

"I came to the conclusion that it was an umbrella, and not a stick, because not only the ferrule, but the end of the cloth, have sunk into the ground.



ALL THE KNOWN NAILS USED IN BOOT-MAKING, WITH BLACKHEADS AND A RUBBER HEEL: A SET CLASSIFIED BY POLICE EXPERTS AS A MEANS OF TRACING CRIMINALS.

I found two Tabaco cigar-stumps in the grate, and the ends were neither wet nor bitten, so he used a holder."

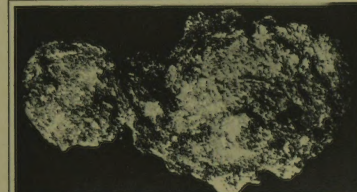
"The woman and her visitor sat and talked for some time—note that he had leisure to smoke two cigars—and that bottle of cognac is half-empty. It was specially opened for the visitor, because the cork and corkscrew are still on the table. Then at some time the man killed the woman with a very thin stiletto which he wiped on her apron, leaving two narrow lines of blood. She struggled for a moment and clutched at the murderer's hands. He was wearing grey gloves, and some shreds from these are under her nails."

"Thereafter he searched for a document, which he found and threw on the fire. The ashes are on top and the fire was almost out. Then as a blind, to make us believe that robbery was the motive for the crime, he tied some silver and other trifles in a napkin and left, first extinguishing the candle. This proves he was cool, determined, and deliberate. I am certain the assassin was a young man of good family, and this woman probably blackmailed him."

The sequel proves Tabaret to have been right!

At the time Gaboriau wrote this story, such precision was unknown to investigators. To him belongs the merit of having drawn the attention of the police to the importance of taking plaster casts of footprints, and the value of a minute examination of dusty surfaces.

The method he indicated for determining the height and age of a man by his stride, the need for a close scrutiny of the victim's finger-nails, and many other details, are all taught to modern detectives. It is true Gaboriau did not foresee that one day the flakes of burnt documents could be read, yet the methodical analysis and deduction displayed by Tabaret and Lecoq, in other stories, certainly did much to show what a scientific investigator may accomplish.



ANOTHER FORM OF PLASTER CAST OF A FOOTPRINT: AN EXAMPLE TAKEN FROM SOFT SOIL.

# THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"GEORGE WASHINGTON": By NORWOOD YOUNG.\*

(PUBLISHED BY DUCKWORTH.)

THIS is, remarkably enough, the first biography of George Washington to be written by an Englishman, and it comes with peculiar appropriateness at the moment of Washington's bicentenary, which will fall on the twenty-second of the present month. Mr. Young's volume is careful, dispassionate, and judicious—excellent things in biography; but, in his desire to avoid the romanticism which characterises a good deal of current biography, the author has tended towards the other extreme, and has, perhaps, deprived his narrative of some of the animation which it might have possessed without detriment to accuracy.

Summing up the career of Washington, Mr. Young writes: "In the influence he exercised over human destiny, Washington must be considered one of the greatest men in the history of the world. He was as indispensable as any man can be supposed to be, as Commander-in-Chief, President of the Constitution Convention, and First President of the United States, in the creation, the rearing, and the establishment of the American Republic. No other commander could have withstood the jealousies of rivals, of Congress, and of the States. . . . He described himself as 'inheriting inferior endowments from nature,' expressing his fear that the public service might suffer from his deficiencies. But, though some of the chief officials may have been more subtle and more adroit than Washington, there was not one among them who could say, with him, 'I have found no better guide hitherto than upright intentions and close investigation.' In that sentence lies the secret of Washington's achievements. The simple virtues of devotion and industry, of a complete surrender of self to the needs of the country, comprised his equipment."

It may be doubted whether we quite gather from Mr. Young's pages the impression of so much force of character as this description suggests. But the subdued tone is a fault on the right side. It relieves us of the fanciful elements which are so prominent in contemporary biography; and, after all, it is not necessarily the persons with the most spectacular qualities who have counted most in the history of human beings and human institutions.

Washington was always consciously and proudly "American," even before the wrongs of the colonists made him strongly anti-English; yet he had an English ancestry (in which he apparently was little interested) dating from the sixteenth century, and was only in the third generation of the American Washingtons. Life in Virginia in the eighteenth century was very similar in habits and traditions to that of England, but in its problems and surroundings utterly different. On the one hand, Washington enjoyed in youth the polite amenities of the Fairfaxes and their world; on the other hand, in his vocation of a surveyor, he was early initiated into the dangers and hardships of the frontier. The dual qualification brought him into prominence, at the age of twenty-two, as the champion of British rights against French encroachments, and in his attack on de Jumonville—a high-handed affair, to say the least—he shed the first blood in the French and Indian war, which was destined to grow into the Seven Years' War. The French soon took their revenge at Fort Necessity, where Washington, with his small force, was obliged to capitulate. In his explanation of these incidents, it would seem that Washington, if he ever cut down his father's cherry-tree, had learned, as he grew older, to relax the moral of that celebrated but apocryphal episode. Mr. Young makes the same suggestion with regard to Washington's account of his experiences at the affair at the Monongahela, where he acquired the title of "hero" and "a semi-divine character, both at home and abroad." But it seems probable that, if Washington obtained any

undeserved credit on this occasion, it was forced on him by popular opinion rather than arrogated by his own pretensions.

At all events, this exploit and this reputation won him the position of Commander-in-Chief in Virginia, and he was committed to the difficult task of protecting the settlers, with most inadequate means, against the implacable Indians, and at the same time of taking part in

English quarrels with the French. At this period—1758—Washington married a wealthy widow, Mrs. Custis. It appears to have been a marriage of convenience, but it turned out happily. Together with his shrewd dealings in land, it laid the foundations of Washington's fortune, which was so well managed that at the time of his death he is said to have been the wealthiest man in America.

He abandoned soldiering for domesticity, and for sixteen years after his marriage settled down to the life of a country gentleman. Anybody who has seen Mount Vernon, that gem upon the banks of the noble Potomac, can imagine that it must have been a very congenial life. Farming was always a passion with Washington, and it was a second

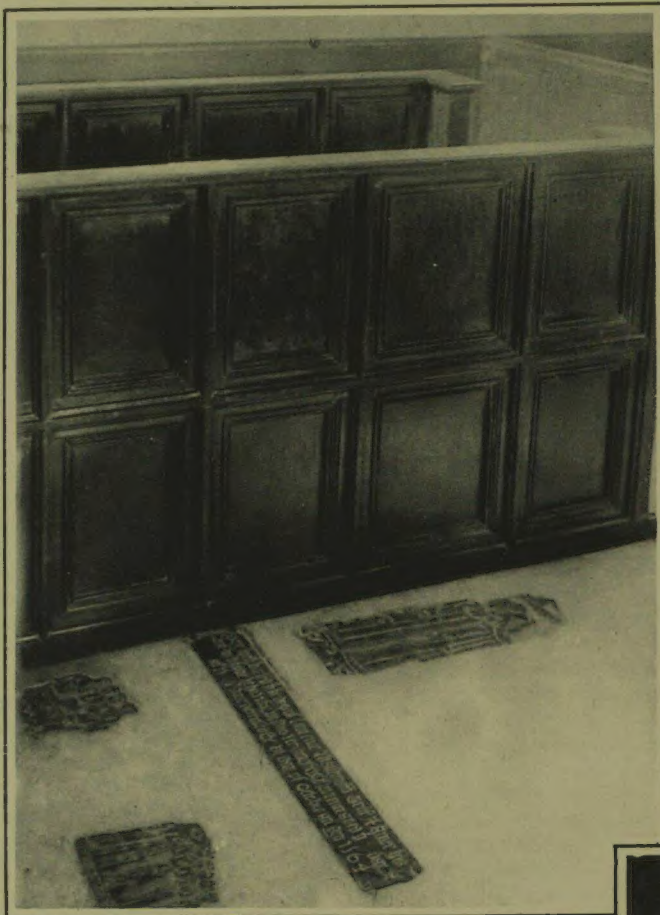
Government, he harboured unquenchable hostility to the "plot to establish tyranny," and was particularly bitter against the American "loyalists" who were not prepared to defend their own rights. He became Commander-in-Chief by almost inevitable circumstances, being the one man to serve as a connecting-link between north and south, and possessing in addition the qualifications of wealth and military experience. We do not see any reason to doubt, as Mr. Young appears to do, the genuineness of his diffidence in undertaking such heavy responsibilities.

Mr. Young follows the campaign in much detail and with commendable, if somewhat unexciting, exactitude; and in this we cannot follow him here. This was probably the most discreditable campaign in the history of British arms, and the causes—astonishingly numerous—for its inefficiency are well known. Nor was it altogether a tale of glory for the defending side. Washington was no inspired soldier. Again and again he made blunders of strategy which would have brought disaster upon him if the English commanders had had the intelligence and enterprise to take advantage of them. Neither of the adversaries had much stomach for the fight. For the English, the warfare lacked all attraction; and among the Americans, discontent grew proportionately to the increasingly severe conditions in which they were called upon to fight. Yet Washington's influence constantly developed and his generalship steadily improved. "In the course of the quarrel, the noble form of Washington emerged as the one outstanding figure. He stood in the centre, holding up the flag, irradiating patriotic effort and unselfish devotion. . . . It was by his moral influence that Washington served his country, by the example he gave of loyalty, devotion, and freedom from jealousy. Even at the time of the cabal against him, he was able to say, 'No part of my conduct is influenced by personal enmity to individuals.'"

When the war was over, the troops "presented him a kingly crown," which he unhesitatingly refused. Thereafter, amid the contentions and intrigues which surrounded him, he played unswervingly the part of America's first great Federalist. Though there were elements of the Constitution of which he disapproved, yet, once it was passed, he gave it his untiring support as the only available instrument of that national unity which he desired above all else. For that ideal he had still much arduous

labour to perform after he became President, and he never lost sight of his supreme objective. He surrounded himself with able men, and by the great force of his personal prestige managed to survive the antipathies and the factions which were certain to arise in a young, experimental state. In sheer natural gifts, both Hamilton and Jefferson were probably his superiors; but his remained the commanding figure, the focus of public confidence. It was not until he opposed irresponsible sentiment by refusing to assist France any further in her wars, and by concluding a moderate and statesmanlike treaty with England, that he lost his popularity. At the end of his second Presidency, he was no longer the national idol, and many years were to elapse before he was accorded his true place as the Father of his Country. He fell a victim to that Democracy which he had helped to create; and which, paradoxically enough, he always feared might be the undoing of his nation. "My opinion is," he said, "that you could as soon scrub the blackamore white as to change the principle of a profest Democrat, and that he will leave nothing un-

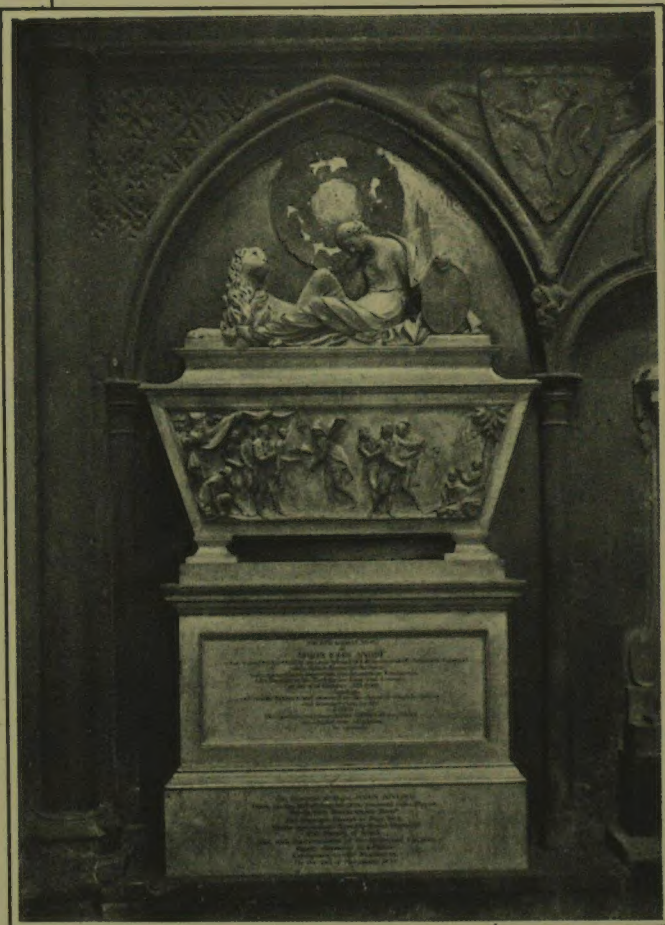
attempted to overturn the Government of this Country.' Strange words from the first President of the greatest and most convinced democracy in the world! C. K. A.



THE MEMORIAL TO GEORGE WASHINGTON'S ANCESTOR IN SULGRAVE CHURCH: BRASSES COMMEMORATING LAURENCE WASHINGTON, HIS WIFE (WHO DIED IN 1564), HIS FOUR SONS AND SEVEN DAUGHTERS.

Cincinnatus who left the plough in Virginia to fight the cause of a wronged and insulted people. In the following picture it is, perhaps, the most essential George Washington that we may discern: "He entered heartily into the life of the Virginia planter of his day; taking his seat in the Assembly; accepting the duties of a vestryman of his parish and going to church, on the average, about once a month (leaving before the communion service); attending the race meetings at Annapolis and making bets on the races; dancing untiringly at assembly balls; visiting, whenever opportunity offered, the theatre, the circus, or any other travelling show; playing cards and billiards; taking tickets in lotteries and raffles; hunting his own pack, shooting wild fowl, fishing for sturgeon."

When the ineptitude of statesmen drove the colonists beyond the limits of endurance, Washington at first seems to have shrunk with horror from the thought of using arms against the Mother Country. Once convinced, however, of the intransigence of the British



A BRITISH OFFICER WHO WAS HANGED BY THE AMERICANS AS A SPY COMMEMORATED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: THE MONUMENT TO MAJOR ANDRÉ.

Court-martialed and condemned to hanging, Major André appealed to Washington for permission to be shot. "This petition was given full and careful consideration by Washington and his staff, but they decided that any mitigation of the penalty would have seemed like a criticism of the verdict."

Reproduced from "George Washington," from a photograph taken by kind permission of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

\* "George Washington." By Norwood Young. (Duckworth; 15s.)

# "PALACE THREE"—THE BATH OF THE SASANIAN KINGS, AT KISH.

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR STEPHEN LANGDON. DRAWING (FIG. 3) AFTER A SKETCH BY M. WATELIN.

"IN three issues of 'The Illustrated London News' of 1931—February 14, March 7, and April 25"—writes Professor Stephen Langdon, "the discovery of a fine Sasanian palace containing busts of Bahram Gor (420—438 A.D.), and of another fine building, which I regard as a Christian or Manichæan cathedral, has been described. This season M. L. Ch. Watelin has recovered two more large Sasanian buildings, one of which he designates as a third palace, the fourth being a large private house. . . . The fine building called 'Palace Three' is shown in Fig. 3, a plan received from M. Watelin. The narrow doorway which lies on the eastern side does not agree with the theory that the building is a palace, but its narrowness may be due to defensive purposes. The remarkable aspect of this building, which is clearly a royal residence, is the fine swimming-pool, occupying the whole of the central court. This pool is 37 feet wide and 50 feet

(Continued on right.)



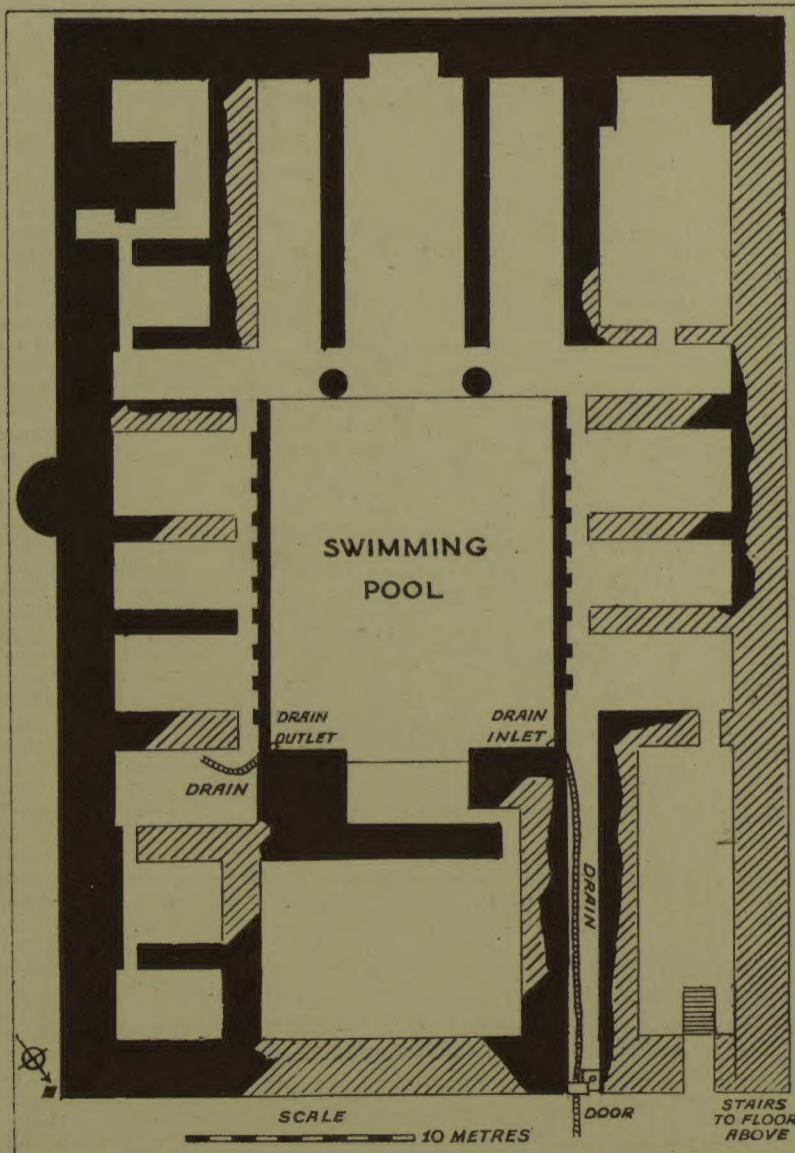
2. FOUND IN A LARGE PRIVATE HOUSE NEAR "PALACE THREE": FINE BLUE AND YELLOW GLAZED POTTERY; THE JARS ON THE LEFT DECORATED WITH INCISED DESIGNS.

Continued.]

long, protected by thick brick-bastioned walls on the sides. Beneath the doorway and long entrance corridor runs a large tile drain, which feeds the pool at the eastern corner nearest the door; and from the opposite corner, beneath the floor, a similar tile drain leaves the pool at a lower level. This is a well-planned hydraulic scheme for filling and emptying the pool. Fig. 4 shows how the feeding drain enters the pool, and a portion of the thick bastioned side walls. It seems clear that this building, 244 feet long and 97 feet wide, is nothing less than the imperial bath of the Sasanian kings, corresponding to the magnificent baths of the Roman emperors. On three sides of the pool are alcoves, not rooms, which also suggests that the whole building is designed as a bath. From the private dwelling comes a fine series of blue and yellow glazed ware, specimens of which are shown in Fig. 2. The two jars shown on the left of the photograph are decorated with incised designs. A fair quantity of jewellery was recovered from the Sasanian bath. Fig. 1 shows, in the upper left corner, two solid gold ear-rings. Below are seen three finger-rings; the stones are cornelian and rock crystal. In this bath were also found Babylonian cylinder seals of the period 2000 B.C., showing that these ancient relics of Babylonian civilisation were preserved by the Persians centuries after the civilisation had totally disappeared."



1. JEWELLERY AND ORNAMENTS FOUND IN THE ROYAL SASANIAN SWIMMING-POOL IN "PALACE THREE": TWO SOLID GOLD EAR-RINGS (TOP LEFT); A NECKLACE OF PASTE (RIGHT); AND (BELOW) AN IRON BRACELET WITH BEADS OF SHELL AND PASTE (LEFT); TWO BRONZE RINGS WITH CORNELIAN STONES, AND A SILVER RING WITH A ROCK CRYSTAL STONE.



3. THE SASANIAN "PALACE THREE" AT KISH: A PLAN SHOWING THE SWIMMING-POOL OCCUPYING THE WHOLE OF THE CENTRAL COURT; THE WATER-FEEDING SYSTEM; AND THE DOORWAY (RIGHT), WHICH MAY OWE ITS NARROWNESS TO CONSIDERATIONS OF DEFENCE.



4. IN "PALACE THREE"—THE IMPERIAL BATH OF THE SASANIAN KINGS; WITH ITS BASTIONED SIDE WALLS: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE WATER-FEEDING SYSTEM—A LARGE TILE DRAIN WHICH RUNS BENEATH THE DOORWAY AND ENTRANCE CORRIDOR, AND ENTERS THE POOL AT ITS EASTERN CORNER (SEE DIAGRAM).



FISH THAT HAVE MADE CULINARY HISTORY—WITH CONGER PIE AND AS A DELICACY OF OLD ROME: CONGER EELS; AND (RIGHT LOWER CORNER) A FIERCE MORAY, OR ROMAN EEL—SHOWING ITS HEAD.

# FROM FIERCE MORAY TO SWIMMING THE ODDEST EXHIBITS IN THE WORLD— PHOTOGRAPHED IN THEIR



MEDITERRANEAN SHEEPSHEAD (LEFT LOWER CORNER)—OF THE SAME FAMILY AS THE AMERICAN TABLE-FISH OF THAT NAME: SPECIMENS IN A TANK WITH LARGE SEA-BREAMS AS THEIR COMPANIONS.



CHAMELEONS OF THE SEA: MARBLED SEA-PERCH (*SPINIPHELUS GIGAS*), FISH THAT CHANGE COLOUR INSTANTANEOUSLY UNDER THE EFFECT OF THEIR SURROUNDINGS, THROUGH EMOTION OR FROM SICKNESS.



A TEMPERAMENTAL "LOW COMEDY" PERFORMER OF THE AQUARIUM: A TETRODONT, WHICH BLOWS ITSELF OUT LIKE A BALLOON AND FLOATS HELPLESSLY ABOUT WHEN ALARMED OR ANGERED.

# "NIGHTMARES" OF THE SEA—DEEPS. FAMOUS MONACO AQUARIUM PERFECTLY TANKS FOR THE FIRST TIME.



A FISH THAT GRUNTS: A LARGE CORB, OR DRUM (WITH A SHARP SILVERY SPINE BY THE ANAL FIN), SWIMMING WITH SMALLER CORBS IN A TANK WITH GIANT WHELKS.



THE "MECHANICAL" TRIGGER-FISH: *BALISTES CAPRISCUS*, WHICH ERRECTS ITS SPINOUS DORSAL FIN (HERE SEEN LOWERED) BY A BONY MECHANISM RESEMBLING THE TRIGGER OF A GUN.



GILT HEADS (LEFT LOWER CORNER)—DEAR TO ROMAN EPICURES AND CONSECRATED BY THEM TO VENUS: A FISH STILL EATEN ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA, SWIMMING WITH *DENTEX DENTEX*.



NIGHTMARES HAUNTING THE DEEPS—GRUESOME-LOOKING CUTTLEFISH (*SEPIA OFFICINALIS*), WITH UNBLINKING, ALMOST IMMOBILE EYES: A PHOTOGRAPH THAT IS A REMARKABLE RECORD OF THE CREATURES' WAY OF SWIMMING.

No need for a lengthy description of the conger eel, familiar to most of our readers—though perhaps only a few of the more courageous have made trial of that homely delicacy, conger pie. The moray (also seen in the first photograph) has a more illustrious culinary history, for it was greatly esteemed by the ancient Romans. A certain Crassus, we are told, had a pet moray and went into mourning when it died and thus escaped the cook's knife; while of Vadius Pollio a grim legend has been handed down—that he fed his morays with the bodies of his unfortunate slaves, in the belief that the flesh of the fish was rendered richer by this diet. The morays, always notorious for their ferocity and strength, doubtless made short work of their miserable prey. The Mediterranean sheephead seen in the second tank, our Transatlantic readers may be interested to learn, is a relation of the American sheephead, known as a favourite table-fish in the Eastern States. The corb seen in the third tank, with its dangerous-looking silvery spur by the anal fin, is one of the drums, or grunts. Their ridiculous way of grunting has earned them all kinds of derisive names—such as "croaker," "porgy," and even "thunder-pumper"! Another favourite of Roman epicures is seen in the fourth tank illustrated here. The gilt head was consecrated by them to Venus; and those who liked to make a show of an exquisite palate maintained that the fish's flavour was improved if it was kept in vivaria and fed on an oyster diet! Both the gilt head and the other fishes in the tank (*Dentex dentex*) are members of the bream family (*Sparidae*), feeding largely on crustacea and shell-fish. They

provide a nutritious, although somewhat coarse dish, frequently to be found on the menu in hotels and *petitons* of the French Riviera. The marbled sea-perch seen in the next tank has been aptly called the chameleon of the sea. Its colour changes are instantaneous and bewildering. They may be made in conformity with its surroundings, or from emotional reactions such as fear or anger, or even from sickness. Another fish also notoriously temperamental, but in this case to the verge of grotesqueness, is the puffer seen in the next tank. As we noted in last September, when we reproduced some striking photographs of a puffer blown out to its full extent, these fish distend themselves when frightened or enraged. They achieve this by swallowing air, which passes into the oesophagus and blows out the whole fish. To return to its normal state, the puffer expels the air through the mouth and gill-openings with a distinct hissing noise. Besides this, it is said to be able to "fill up" with water as well as air, and play on an attacker with jets from its reservoir. That eminent authority, Mr. J. R. Norman, thus describes the mechanism which gives the trigger-fish (seen in the next photograph) its name. The spinous dorsal of these fishes, he says, is "supported by three spines, the first very strong and hollowed out behind to receive a bony knob at the base of the second; by this mechanism the first spine remains immovably erect until the second, which acts as a trigger, is depressed." It may further be noted that some authorities have maintained that this curious device is used by the fish in anchoring itself to rocks; by others it is regarded as being a weapon of offence.



FIG. 1. PART OF THE THIRD SITE EXCAVATED BY THE BRITISH EXPEDITION: PISARIOTI, A SMALL HARBOUR IN SOUTHERN ITHACA—A VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS THE NEIGHBOURING ISLAND OF CEPHALONIA (RIGHT BACKGROUND).



FIG. 2. THE TRADITIONAL DOMAIN OF ODYSSEUS, DESCRIBED BY HOMER: THE ISLE OF ITHACA—A MAP SHOWING THE THREE SITES OF THE BRITISH EXCAVATIONS.

The three points where British excavations have been made, as indicated by numbers on the above map, are (1) a prehistoric settlement at Pelikata; (2) a cave-sanctuary in the Bay of Polis; (3) an early sanctuary, with votive deposits, near the site of a town on the saddle between Mounts Aetos and Merovigli. The coast on the left is that of the adjacent island of Cephalonia.

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FIG. 4. A LATE MYCENAEAN VASE FROM THE CAVE AT POLIS: ONE OF THIRTY SPECIMENS OF ANCIENT POTTERY EXTRACTED FROM MUD AND WATER.

THE results of the first season's work in Ithaca, conducted by Mr. Heurtley for the British School of Archaeology at Athens, were described by him and illustrated in our issue of Dec. 6, 1930. Ithaca, of course, is the name of the island kingdom of Odysseus, the hero of Homer's "Odyssey," and its identity is still a matter of controversy among archaeologists. Most scholars accept the tradition that identifies it with the island (shown in our map) which still bears the name in the modernised form of *Thiaki*. Another theory, however, has been put forward by Professor Wilhelm Dörpfeld, the German archaeologist, who believes that the Homeric Ithaca was the neighbouring island of Leucas (now St. Maura), and that its inhabitants were afterwards driven out and colonised the island since known as Ithaca. Those who think that the modern Ithaca is also Homer's Ithaca are themselves divided by a further controversy, as to whether the city of Odysseus was in the northern or the southern half of the island. The "southerners" base their belief on the discovery, in 1930, of a fountain at Vukvi, said to answer Homer's description of the Sanctuary of the Nymphs in "Odyssey" XVII., 244. The "northerners," however, reject

this contention, and continue to hold that the hero's domain was situated in northern Ithaca, in and near the Bay of Polis (see the map again). The word "polis," of course, is Greek for "city." It may be in this locality, at a cave sanctuary in the bay and on the hill of Pelikata, that the 1930 British excavations took place. Sir Russell Rodd, who collected funds for the work, expressed his opinion that the discoverers made had definitely settled the dispute in favour of Ithaca as against Leucas, and of northern Ithaca as against the south. In the following article, Mr. Heurtley describes the results of the subsequent season's work, last year, in both parts of the island.



FIG. 3. GREEK MASONRY OF THE FOURTH CENTURY B.C.: THE LOWER COURSES AT THE CORNER OF A SQUARE TOWER (8 BY 8 METRES) AT PISARIOTI—PART OF THE DEFENCES OF A GREEK TOWN DISCOVERED IN SOUTHERN ITHACA.



FIG. 5. PROTO-CORINTHIAN VASES FROM THE SLOPE BELOW THE SANCTUARY NEAR PISARIOTI: EXAMPLES FROM THE POTTERY DEPOSITS THAT SUGGESTED THE DATE OF THE BUILDING AS BETWEEN THE NINTH AND SEVENTH CENTURIES B.C.

## THE ITHACA DISPUTE:

MYCENAEAN VASES FOUND BY HAND UNDER WATER AND TREASURES OF POTTERY AND BRONZE FROM A

By W. A. HEURTLEY, Assistant Director, British School at Athens, and Director of the Excavations in Ithaca.

THE excavations in Ithaca, begun in 1930 on the initiative of Sir Russell Rodd, and conducted by the British School at Athens, have again proved fruitful. In the 1931 campaign, which concluded last November, further exploration of the prehistoric settlement of Pelikata and of the cave at Polis (both in the northern half of the island) was made (see map, Fig. 4). At the former, several more Early Helladic vases were recovered from the lowest level; at the latter, where work had been suspended in 1930 because sea-level had been reached, last year in a short time more than thirty almost complete vases and parts of several others (which have not yet been put together) were extracted from the mud and water which now cover the original floor of the cave. In order to get out the lowest vases, the workmen had to stand up to their thighs in water and grope about blindly with their hands (Fig. 7). Even now the floor has not been reached. A glance at the photograph will show that, if the lowest level of the cave is to be thoroughly cleared, means will have to be found to exclude the water. This is the more worth doing since vases found this year are almost all of a specially interesting Late Mycenaean class (e.g., Fig. 4), and, in contrast to the other levels, where objects of different periods were mixed, it looks as if an undisturbed layer has been reached, from which very important finds may be expected in this year's campaign.

The expedition next moved to the south part of the island—to the saddle

## "EXCAVATING" IN WATER.

BENEATH A SUBMERGED CAVE-FLOOR IN ITHACA: SANCTUARY OF THE 9TH TO 7TH CENTURIES B.C.

at Athens, and Director of the Excavations in Ithaca.

between Mounts Aetos and Merovigli. The top of this saddle, which lies midway between two seas (one, the channel that divides Ithaca from Cephalonia—see Fig. 1—the other, the Bay of Mílo), is crowned by the modern Chapel of St. George. Here, remains of a fairly extensive Greek town of the fourth century B.C. were discovered, including the lower courses of a square tower (8 by 8 m.) with excellent masonry (Fig. 3), part of a defensive system which connected the saddle with the summit of Mount Aetos on the west and with the small harbour of Pissarioti (Fig. 1) on the south.

Immediately south of the chapel, and alongside of it, appeared the foundations of an oblong building (4 by 7.5 m.) resting on virgin soil. Evidence for its date and purpose had been obliterated by former excavations, legal and illegal, at this spot; but since, a few yards to the south-east lower down the slope, two deposits of pottery belonging to the earlier phases of the Proto-Corinthian style were found, the building should probably be assigned to some date between the ninth and seventh centuries B.C.; and since these two deposits are clearly not the remains of settlements, but are successive dumps of votive offerings, it becomes almost certain that the building was a small sanctuary. In the lower deposit were a few, in the upper many, small votive objects, including: of bronze, a horse, a bird, a pomegranate, beads, pins, and fibulae (Fig. 6); of glass, various beads; of ivory or bone, buttons, a seal, a plaque, and amulets; of amber, beads and a perforated plaque.

To the upper deposit also belong part of a round stone three-legged basin with rudely incised figures in "archaic" style, and a clay vase in the form of a lion (Fig. 9). Examples of the pottery are shown in Fig. 5. Many other votive terra-cottas (Fig. 8) were found unstratified in the neighbourhood of the sanctuary.

Interesting to Homeric scholars is the discovery here, too, of Mycenaean remains. Between the sanctuary and the Proto-Corinthian deposits was found a stratum half a metre thick, composed of the debris of a burnt building, and containing a great quantity of Late Mycenaean pottery of a somewhat later class than that found in the

cave at Polis, and quite unmingled with any other kind.

With the pottery were also found a figurine of an unusual type (Fig. 8, left). This deposit is sharply separated from the Proto-Corinthian deposits lower down the slope by a narrow stone wall of which two courses are preserved. Only a small portion of this Mycenaean area has been cleared so far, but there is no doubt that it is fairly extensive.

Its complete excavation should provide interesting results, and will be the principal object of this year's work.



FIG. 6. BRONZE VOTIVE OFFERINGS FROM PISARIOTI, INCLUDING A WHEEL AND FIGURES OF A HORSE AND OTHER ANIMALS: OBJECTS FOUND NEAR THE REMAINS OF A BUILDING THAT WAS EVIDENTLY A SANCTUARY.



FIG. 7. "EXCAVATING" UNDER WATER: MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH EXPEDITION TO ITHACA EXTRACTING MYCENAEAN VASES FROM THE SUBMERGED FLOOR-LEVEL OF A CAVE IN THE BAY OF POLIS, WHERE VERY IMPORTANT FINDS ARE EXPECTED. Owing to subsidence, the original floor-level of the cave is covered by the sea, and the excavators had to stand thigh-deep in water and grope blindly with their hands. Even so, more than thirty complete vases were recovered, all of a specially interesting Late Mycenaean type, suggesting an undisturbed stratum. By excluding the water, in some way, it is hoped to make further finds of great importance.



FIG. 8. TERRA-COTTA FIGURINES AND HEADS: VOTIVE OFFERINGS OF VARIOUS PERIODS, INCLUDING ONE (ON THE LEFT) FROM A MYCENAEAN BUILDING, DISCOVERED NEAR THE SANCTUARY AT PISARIOTI.



FIG. 9. A CLAY VASE IN THE FORM OF A LION: ONE OF MANY OBJECTS FOUND IN THE UPPER DEPOSIT IN THE SLOPE BELOW THE SANCTUARY AT PISARIOTI, IN THE SOUTHERN PART OF ITHACA.



# CIVILIANS GAS-MASKED: PRECAUTIONS GENEVA MAY RENDER SUPERFLUOUS.



RUSSIAN WORKERS LEARNING HOW TO CARRY ON DURING GAS WARFARE: GAS-HELMETED FACTORY-HANDS IN MOSCOW BEING TAUGHT THE USE AND STRUCTURE OF THE RESPIRATOR-APPARATUS.



YOUTHFUL CITIZENS BEING TAUGHT HOW TO GO ABOUT THEIR WORK AS USUAL DURING A GAS ATTACK: LEARNING THE USE OF GAS-MASKS AT A CHEMICAL DEFENCE CENTRE.



LIFE IN THE STREETS AND FIELDS ADJUSTED TO CONDITIONS OF GAS WARFARE: A RUSSIAN DRIVER AND HIS HORSE GAS-MASKED.



AN EERIE FIGURE FIGHTING CHEMICAL WITH CHEMICAL: LEARNING HOW TO RENDER INNOCUOUS AN AREA INFECTED WITH MUSTARD-GAS.



CIVILIAN TRANSPORT UNDER CONDITIONS OF GAS WARFARE: A YOUNG COMMUNIST SIGNALMAN SETTING POINTS WHILE GAS-MASKED.



THE FULL IMPLICATIONS OF UNRESTRICTED GAS WARFARE ON THE NON-COMBATANT POPULATION: RUSSIAN SEMPSTRESSES AT WORK IN THEIR GAS-MASKS.



GAS-MASKS FOR ALL—A PRECAUTION WHICH, IT IS HOPED, THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE WILL RENDER UNNECESSARY: TYPISTS PRACTISING IN GAS-MASKS.

The successive proposals for the abolition of gas warfare, and of chemical warfare in general, which have been made by delegates at the Disarmament Conference at Geneva, may—and, it is to be hoped, will—render superfluous the precautionary steps taken in recent years by the European nations who have made it their business to teach a proportion of their civil populations, at all events, the rudiments of gas-drill. These measures, our readers will remember, we have illustrated from time to time. For example, in September of last year were pictured "civil manœuvres," at Nancy which included a sham gas-bomb raid; and in our issue of the following November 7 we gave photographs of civilians learning gas-drill on the race-course at Bremen. The emergencies then rehearsed, with the aid of imitation gas-clouds, included carbonic gas and phosgene-poisoning. As to the illustrations on this page, obviously they indicate that the Soviet

authorities envisage gas-attacks upon civilians as a probability of any future war, and are making such endeavours as they can to teach the population as a whole, and the factory-hands in particular, how to use the protective respiratory apparatus, and how to carry on while wearing it. The correspondent who supplies the photographs speaks of a Russian "Air Defence Organisation" which labours at training industrial operatives in gas-mask drill. This is of peculiar interest in view of the declaration made at Geneva on February 11 by Mr. Litvinoff, Russia's delegate to the Conference, in which he advocated the complete destruction, among other things, of all apparatus for chemical, incendiary, and bacteriological warfare. Meantime it has been stated, we do not know with what truth, that the same Russian organisation has a branch for Aviation and Chemical Warfare.

# Afghan Scenes in Grey and Green: Verdure and Stone in Contrast.

FINLAY COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE CITROËN TRANS-ASIATIC EXPEDITION.



AN ANCIENT BRIDGE OUTSIDE KABUL: THE CITROËN TRANS-ASIATIC EXPEDITION CROSSING AN AFGHAN STREAM.



BORDERED BY ITS ROCK-HEWN CLIFFS: THE VALLEY OF THE GREAT BUDDHA AT BAMIAN.

These photographs were taken by the Citroën Trans-Asiatic Expedition on its passage through Afghanistan. Our readers will recall another photograph taken by the Expedition and published in our issue of October 10, a picture showing from near at hand the great rock-cut figure of Buddha in the Bamian Valley—one of the colossal images adorning the steep cliff of which a general view appears above. On that occasion we noted that Bamian was some eighty miles from Kabul, and that the valley was an

ancient seat of Buddhist worship. Considering the great renown which Bamian enjoyed for many centuries, the origins and history of the city and of the rock carvings in the Bamian Valley have remained remarkably obscure. It is mainly through the testimony of a Chinese pilgrim who visited those parts in the seventh century that we can be sure that the rock-hewn idols were of Buddha at all. The damage they have suffered has apparently been due, in part at least, to cannon-shot.



## CHARLES II'S NAVY: "KEEPING WATCH AND WARD OVER THE WATERS OF ENGLAND."

In this fine picture we see ships of Charles II.'s Navy keeping watch and ward over the waters of England; at their head the "St. Michael," the Earl of Ossory in command, wearing the Union Flag at the main-top, the proudest honour that a sea career could bring. Lord Ossory, let it be recalled, was the eldest son of James, first Duke of Ormonde. He was born in 1634, and had a brilliant career on land and sea. He was held in the highest estimation by Charles II., who thought no position of trust too great for his abilities. During the Second Dutch War (1665-8) he served as a volunteer, and took a romantic part in the Four Days' Battle. After the Peace of Breda, he was raised to the Peerage, and became Lord Deputy of Ireland, being then thirty-four years of age. In 1672 the Third Dutch War broke out, and throughout the struggle he played a notable and distinguished rôle. In the first battle of the war, the Battle of Solebay, he was stationed in the "Victory" immediately astern of the Duke of York, and gave his Commander-in-Chief most gallant and invaluable support. In the following year he fought under Prince Rupert in all three engagements at sea, the two battles of the Schooneveldt and the last contest of the Dutch Wars—the Battle of the Texel. In this engagement the most outstanding event was the struggle round the shattered flag-ship of Sir Edward

Spragge, who had died fighting. The valorous Cornelius Tromp, worthy son of the better-known Admiral of that name, was determined to carry the "Royal Prince" home as a trophy. That he was thwarted in this ambition was largely due to Lord Ossory, who most valiantly defended her and helped to effect her rescue. In the autumn Prince Rupert obtained leave to come ashore, and it was not at once apparent who would take his place. But the King immediately decided that nobody was so well fitted to uphold the honour of the nation as Lord Ossory, though he was not quite forty years of age. "He has the family talent for command," said the King, "and the honour of England is safe in his keeping." And so it came, as Mr. Pepys tells us, that in the boisterous autumn and early winter of 1673, Ossory in the "St. Michael" kept watch and ward with the proudest honour that a sea-career could confer on him—the wearing of the Union Flag at the maintop. For the rest, it should be noted that we owe the picture here reproduced to that supreme artist, the Younger Van de Velde, who signed the canvas. The work certainly gives the lie direct to Ruskin, who always maintained that Van de Velde could not depict the action of the wind upon the surface of the sea.

FROM THE PAINTING BY VAN DE VELDE THE YOUNGER, REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE OWNER. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



*In a Class  
by Itself*

# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## EVELYN LAYE AND OFFENBACH.—THE COMPAGNIE DES QUINZE.

THERE are but two words, universally repeated, for the Cochran-Reinhardt production, "Helen!" and these are "superb" and "unique." Nor is there for once any exaggeration in this great eulogy. The production is superb in its sumptuousness, in its exquisite taste, in its wonderful amalgamation of colours, in its caustic humour in persiflage of the temple of Jupiter and the formidable walls of Troy. It is unique because, even in London, there has never been seen a spectacle so grand in its conception, so well co-ordinated in its mass production of principals and innumerable *figurants*. So overwhelming is the appeal to the eye that the music is sometimes swamped by the brilliancy of the pictures, that the mordant sarcasm of the score at the expense of gods and mortals is secondary to the pageantry. In the French version the music was *facile princeps*; the actors were, so to say, carried on its wings; but as a show it could in no wise be compared to what our two masters of scenic display have made of it. But above all—above the choruses, the marches, the humorous intrusions of Calchas and Menelaus, even above the goddesses and the lovelorn Paris—the Helen of Miss Evelyn Laye stands out as a figure of exquisite beauty and refined discretion. Her personality is bewitching, and her voice, not great of compass, gains by the intensity of her feeling. She is every inch a queen, even if the situations are equivocal, to say the least of it. Schneider—the creator of Helen—and Granier, her one and only peer as a successor, made the queen frankly erotic. They were

When the Compagnie des Quinze came to London last year they created wonderment and pleasure. Such an ensemble had never been seen before, and those plays written in staccato style—"Noé" and "Le Viol de

kindled by the events of the main action. And last there was the individual impersonation of the dramatic *personae* who had to illustrate and carry and contrive such fragments of the story as to make a dramatic entity. These doings were intensified and commented upon by two of the actors, akin to the *compère* and *commère* of a revue, who now and again took up the thread of the story and embroidered it in detail so as to convey to the audience an impressionistic picture in broad outline. The rest was left to the imagination; the scenery, of the scantiest, partly in curtains to represent the *milieu*, partly in necessary accessories, was only employed as a make-believe.

It was a new form of art. Yet—and this was a strange experience as far as our public was concerned—instead of creating an atmosphere of bewilderment, it immediately enraptured the hearers. In fact, it was a triumph of diction and motion over the older canons of action and delineation of character. It contrasted with the old school as, in painting, the earlier impressionists contrasted with the finished school of painting. M. Obey, the author, and his henchmen saw a picture steadily and whole in bold strokes instead of the old-fashioned, finicking methods that left nothing to the scrutiny of the onlooker. Now this result—in which there was a subtle artifice combined with a strain of artificiality—seemed at the first glance to be most easily attained. Except in the groupings, the actors could let themselves go at will; there was no apparent force to compel them to definite



THE O.U.D.S. PRODUCTION OF "ROMEO AND JULIET": MISS EDITH EVANS AS THE NURSE, A PART IN WHICH SHE ACHIEVED A NOTABLE SUCCESS.

The Oxford University Dramatic Society staged a highly successful "Romeo and Juliet." They were fortunate in their producer, Mr. John Gielgud, whose feeling for Shakespeare was evident in all the famous passages of the play. Miss Edith Evans's Nurse was declared to be a masterpiece, and Miss Peggy Ashcroft's rendering of Juliet notable for its humour as well as for its tenderness and restraint. Mr. C. V. Hassall (Wadham), a son of the well-known artist, Mr. John Hassall, played Romeo, and Mr. G. A. C. Devine (Wadham), Mercutio.

Lucrece"—were something intensely new, bizarre, and fascinating. "Noé" was an irreverent skit on the legend of the Ark; "Lucrece" a persiflage of a fragment of more or less hypothetical Roman history. Its hold on the public



"ROMEO AND JULIET" AT OXFORD: THE EFFECTIVE SETTING OF ACT I. SCENE 3, WITH MISS EDITH EVANS AS THE NURSE AND MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT AS JULIET.

the incarnation of licentious liberty in the spirit of *blague*. Had an English actress attempted the same characterisation we would have been shocked. One can say in French what one does not even whisper in English.

To some, the relegation of the spicy to the poetic was a disappointment; to others it added to the play's charm. Miss Laye infused the spirit of poetry into her reading of Helen; she merely indicated the *amoureuse*, and thus the famous scene in the bath and her great love-song became an idyll instead of a licentious frolic. And the bed-room episodes, instead of being aggressively obvious, seemed like a gay transmigration from a midsummer night's dream. It was as if Helen acted in a trance, in a nirvana of transcendental enchantment. To me, this added to the beauty of her performance. It stood in vivid contrast to the earthly humour of Menelaus, of the priest, and of the worshippers who gambolled in wild carousal. It was as if the Muse of poetry had descended from Olympus and, willy-nilly, become entangled with a mortal wooer; as if she were walking on air in the wonderment of her obsession. Nor was there a note of discord in her conception. She was always with, but not of, her surroundings; she planed above them in exaltation.

But what of Offenbach's almost diabolical vein of derision? Was that not lost in this creation of chastened romance? Yes, perhaps that side of the play became a little subdued, the note of gaiety became less strident. But, in compensation, were ever the love-duets sung with so much conviction, with such melodious suavity, as by Miss Laye and Mr. Bruce Carfax? Did not the spirit of romance rise above the somewhat crude acerbity of the satire? Would we have preferred a drastic *comédienne* to this gentle prima donna who, by her personality, her loveliness, her unconscious restraint, raised the whole frivolous tone of the play? There is no accounting for taste, but I, for one, saw in this English Helen an almost ideal conception. In the words of the poet, I found in it "the spell that still enchants."



THE BALCONY SCENE: MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT AS JULIET AND MR. C. V. HASSALL (WADHAM) AS ROMEO.

arose from three distinct origins—the descriptive power of the word and often the insistence on a certain phrase, such as "Il est parti; Tarquin est parti," which, on the hearer's ear was, as it were, to stress the importance of a situation. Next there was the grouping of the collateral characters after the manner of the Greek chorus, describing the mentalities and the emotions of surroundings



A SCENE, WITH THE NURSE AND JULIET, IN JULIET'S BED-ROOM: MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT AND MISS EDITH EVANS IN THE O.U.D.S. PRODUCTION.

ordinaments of law and order. But that is the secret of the craftsmanship of the Quinze. This unity of groups, this apparent ambling ease of the main characters, is the outcome of incessant rehearsal, of a company harmonised by constant performances of the same play.

Such an ensemble is only possible when the actors have learned to amalgamate their individualities with the characters or the types they represent. The scheme does not demand great acting in the ordinary sense of the words. On the other hand, it exacts a musical ear and a sense of the picturesque which visibly grows by practice. Nor must it be forgotten that the French language lends itself, by its melodious nature, particularly to such symphonic composition. And here lies the crux of the question whether our actors would be able to give similar performances if the plays were adapted, or native authors were to adopt the methods of M. Obey. We will learn it when "Noé," which I hear is to be produced anon, comes to us in English. A great deal depends on the producer; even more on the time which can be devoted to the training of the actors. Except at the Old Vic, there is no company in London where the players, by intimate familiarity with their idiosyncrasies, have become so closely inter-allied as to achieve the desired "pitch" of melody. And it must not be forgotten, either, that even at the Old Vic the repertory constantly changes, and that there is not sufficient time between the new productions to allow for the ceaseless rehearsals which are the Alpha and Omega of a successful experiment. On the other hand, there is the possibility of forming a band of enthusiasts on the lines of the Quinze. But that means long preparation and economic considerations which should not be overlooked. Would an English company, working in the same direction, come to stay? Would a great public support this bizarre entertainment, which, by its nature, is not accessible to the majority of the more amusement-seeking mass? Meanwhile, there is gladness in the fact that our French visitors enjoy the patronage of the whole of our intelligentsia, and that our actors flock to their performances.

## "THE MAJESTY OF STE. FOY": A TENTH-CENTURY RELIQUARY STATUE.

By RICHARD C. LAMBERT.

OCCUPYING the place of honour in the Central Hall of the Exhibition of French Art at Burlington House is a curious statue of Ste. Foy, or, as we call her, St. Faith, which comes from the Abbey of Conques in the Department of Aveyron in the South of France. It is not beautiful—indeed, most people would call it hideous—but it has a history which gives it a claim to the careful attention of all visitors to the Exhibition.

The statue is about three feet in height and is of wood overlaid with gold plates. The eyes are enamelled and the dress is covered with innumerable precious stones, some of them intaglios bearing the busts of several Roman Emperors. The ear-rings are, however, of later date and were probably added in the twelfth century. The Saint is represented seated on a silver-gilt throne, which has a semi-circular back and is surmounted at the four corners by balls of rock crystal. She stares vacantly before her, and her two hands are outstretched and hold small tubes, which may have been intended either as sockets for a gridiron and palm branch—the emblems of her martyrdom—or as supports for a model of the abbey of which she was the patron saint. On the other hand, some authorities think that the forearms are of late date and not earlier than the Renaissance. The expression of the face is decidedly masculine, and few would guess that the figure is intended to represent a young girl of twelve years of age.

The great Benedictine Abbey of Conques, originally dedicated to the Saviour, was founded about the year 790 A.D., in the reign of Charlemagne, at a time when the South of France was only just recovering from the inroads of the Saracens from Spain; and tradition still points to a cross on a rock near the abbey which is said to mark the place where some of the first monks were murdered by these fierce invaders. The village itself lies on the slope of a hill amid wooded and very secluded country and far from the beaten track. It is over twenty miles from Rodez, which is the best town from which to visit the place, though the development of the motor has rendered it easier of access than formerly.

The first century of the abbey's existence was not very remarkable, though no doubt it was a centre of the Christian faith for the country round and, at any rate, was of sufficient importance to be the recipient of a beautiful reliquary given to it by Pépin of Aquitaine, the grandson of Charlemagne, who died in 838. Somewhere between 856 and 875, however, an event occurred which influenced the whole subsequent history of the place. A monk of Conques visited the monastery of Agen on the Garonne, where Ste. Foy suffered martyrdom and where her relics were still venerated. She is supposed to have been a native of Agen, a girl of some twelve years of age, who was broiled to death on a gridiron during the persecution of Diocletian, at the beginning of the fourth century, for refusing to offer incense to the heathen gods, and subsequently became the object of great veneration in that city.

The monk of Conques enjoyed the hospitality of the brethren at Agen for some time, and on his departure managed to steal the precious bones and to convey them safely home, where they were received with high honour. His brethren knew full well how to derive advantage from the stolen relics: during the whole of the Middle Ages the abbey was the scene of frequent pilgrimages, and flourished exceedingly on the gifts and donations presented at the shrine. The church itself was re-dedicated and placed under the patronage of Ste. Foy, who was believed to be able to cure all kinds of disease of the eyes, and was also the patron saint of prisoners. These last used to dedicate their chains to her on obtaining their liberty, doubtless with a suitable gift of money or jewellery as a more acceptable recognition of her assistance. The statue now in Burlington House was made to receive the relics, and more particularly the skull of the saint. The exact date of its fabrication is not certain, but it was certainly made while Etienne (who was also Bishop of Clermont) was abbot—that is, to say, between 942 and 964.



"THE MAJESTY OF STE. FOY": A REMARKABLE TENTH-CENTURY STATUE OF WOOD, OVERLAID WITH GOLD PLATES AND MUCH BEJEWELLED, WHICH WAS CONSTRUCTED TO HOLD THE SKULL AND OTHER RELICS OF THE MARTYRED ST. FAITH WHICH HAD BEEN STOLEN FROM THE MONASTERY OF AGEN BY A MONK OF CONQUES—NOW TO BE SEEN IN THE EXHIBITION OF FRENCH ART AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

This extraordinarily interesting reliquary statue, which it may be noted here is about three feet in height, is fully described in the article on this page. The relics of St. Faith which it was constructed to receive were stolen from the monastery of Agen, on the Garonne, where the Saint suffered martyrdom, by a visiting monk of Conques. "His brethren knew full well how to derive advantage from the stolen relics. . . . The church itself was re-dedicated and placed under the patronage of Ste. Foy, who was believed to be able to cure all kinds of disease of the eyes, and was also the patron saint of prisoners. The last used to dedicate their chains to her on obtaining their liberty. . . ." Like other "Majesties," it was taken in state to scenes of disputes, and seldom returned without having witnessed a peaceful settlement.

Lent to the Exhibition of French Art by the Church of Ste. Foy, Conques.

It was not very long before the image gained considerable repute. It became generally known as the "Majesty of Ste. Foy," and was supposed itself to have miraculous powers. But it was not by any means the only "Majesty" in the South of France. At Rodez was the "Majesty" of St. Armand; at Aurillac the "Majesty" of St. Géraud; the "Majesty" of St. Martial was at Limoges, and there were many others. These "Majesties" were not always, though usually, of gold, and in this respect that of Ste. Foy was probably one of the most ornate, but all of them were regarded with the utmost veneration. When disputes arose, the "Majesty" would be taken in state to the scene, and seldom returned without having brought about a peaceful settlement. Did some powerful noble attempt to possess himself of church lands and refuse to listen to clerical remonstrances, the arrival of the "Majesty" speedily brought him to his senses. If a plague or other visitation of God threatened the people, the "Majesty" was brought forth and the plague was stayed.

Nor were these the only occasions on which the "Majesties" were seen outside the walls of their abbeys. Sometimes at the time of some great festival, reunions were arranged and the "Majesties" of the neighbouring districts were conveyed in state to a field, where, in a richly decorated tent, each held its Court for worshippers. Travellers in India will recognise a similar scene in the yearly outing of the god Juggernaut at Puri at the present day. Of all these "Majesties," however, that of Ste. Foy is the sole survivor, and only escaped the fate that befell the others by a stratagem, which will be presently described.

To return for a moment to Conques: the Benedictines came under the influence of the great Abbey of Cluny and remained in charge until the sixteenth century. Conques was on one of the great pilgrimage routes to Santiago de Compostella in Spain, and few of the knights who passed that way to fight the Moors failed to stop a night there in order to pay their vows to Ste. Foy. Her reputation spread even to England, of which the many chapels and churches dedicated to St. Faith afford ample evidence. In the sixteenth century, however, the monks were dispersed and a college of canons was established in their place.

At the Revolution, the abbey was altogether suppressed and fell to ruins, though the treasure, including the statue of Ste. Foy, was preserved by a pious stratagem of the inhabitants, who were almost unanimous in their adherence to the Catholic religion. When the National Assembly published the decree confiscating all the wealth of the monastic orders in France for the benefit of the sovereign people, a monk of Conques organised a pretended pillage of the treasure. Each inhabitant appropriated a piece and hid it in his house, while the relics were secretly buried in the abbey.

When the commissioners arrived to take possession, it was represented to them that their work had been done, and that the sovereign people had already seized its own property. It was found impossible either to compel the inhabitants to disgorge or even to discover where the treasure was hidden; but it says much for the honesty and piety of the French peasants that, when the time of peril was over, everything was recovered from the spoilers and that not a single piece was missing.

The abbey and monastic buildings fell to ruins, and thus they remained until the later part of the last century, when a great French writer, Prosper Mérimée, interested himself in Conques, and, mainly thanks to his exertions, the abbey was restored about 1875 and reopened for public worship. During the course of the restoration, the relics of Ste. Foy were discovered and identified; the old treasury was rebuilt; the golden statue and all the other objects of historical and intrinsic value were placed there in 1911; and they are now under the direct care of the Ministry of Fine Arts, which has lent many of them to the Exhibition at Burlington House.

Such is the history of Ste. Foy. Those who visit the Exhibition may be interested to see in this quaint relic of a past age a reminder of mediæval customs, and, even if repelled by the uncouth appearance of the statue, may deem it worth while to devote a passing glance to a venerable object which for nearly a thousand years has been a centre of worship in the South of France.

## HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED: PICTURES IN THE FRENCH ART EXHIBITION.



"DIVERTISSEMENT THÉÂTRAL DONNÉ AU COURS D'UNE SOIRÉE," A PICTURE THOUGHT TO INCLUDE A PORTRAIT OF LOUIS XV.—BY GABRIEL DE ST. AUBIN. (1724-1780.)

Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Strauss, New York.



"LE JEU DU PIED DE BŒUF."—BY JEAN FRANÇOIS DE TROY. (1679-1752.)

Lent by M. Germain Seligmann, Paris.



"L'ARCHITECTE LOUIS."—BY LOUIS TRINQUESSE. (1758-1791.)

Lent by M. Armand Sigwalt, Paris.



"PORTRAIT PRÉSUMÉ DU PEINTRE HUBERT ROBERT, LISANT."—BY JEAN HONORÉ FRAGONARD. (1732-1806.)

Lent by M. Germain Seligmann, Paris.

The Exhibition of French Art, which we have already illustrated very fully (notably in our issue of January 2), is drawing so many people to Burlington House that there is no need for us to apologise for returning to the subject, especially as the works we reproduce have not been published hitherto. As to the four pictures here shown, it may be said of the St. Aubin that it is described as follows: "In a palatial room, lighted with numerous chandeliers, a brilliant company is assembled. Five costumed figures burst into the room. Signed: G. d. S.A. Water-colours heightened with body colour on paper. 9 x 11½ in. The man sitting in the centre among the ladies is probably Louis XV." Further, it may be remarked that the artist, whose initials, G. S., are on the scroll upheld by the two allegorical figures in the centre, painted, first heroic, and, later, domestic subjects. The work here reproduced, which has also been called "Irruption de Chanteurs Costumés," was carried out on several assembled pieces of paper.—Jean François de Troy, the painter of "Le Jeu du Pied de Bœuf," was a son of François de Troy and a pupil of his father. Louis XIV. patronised

him, and it was for him that he painted a series of cartoons for tapestry. The picture is in oils and measures 27 x 22 inches.—The architect Victor Louis, who was a pupil of Gabriel, worked at Bordeaux and designed numerous public monuments. Louis R. Trinquesse, the artist, worked at The Hague and in Paris. He was essentially "un peintre galant." His portrait of Victor Louis is in oils and measures 76½ x 37½ inches.—In connection with the Fragonard portrait of Hubert Robert, it should be recalled that Robert is that painter and engraver who is most frequently called "Robert des Ruines," in view of his many drawings of ancient architecture. During the French Revolution he would have gone to the guillotine but for the fact that a gaoler sent in his stead another prisoner of the same name. The picture is in oils and measures 16 x 12½ inches.



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### DESIGN IN NATURE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

I HAVE recently been asked whether, in my gleanings in the field of animated Nature, I have not everywhere found convincing evidence of "Design." There is generally, of course, behind

jealously fought for, are never used save as convenient pegs to hang theories on. What, indeed, is to be said of them once they are cited? They were "made so" either to serve some "useful"

end for man's convenience, or to please his sense of the beautiful. There is nothing more to be said. But study them without bias and they become awesome miracles, revealing marvels and mysteries undreamed of before, that reduce us to a state of reverent wonder. The rabbit of which I spoke begins to be as a mere microscopic speck of jelly, from which develop bones and muscles, nerves and blood-vessels, and so on, each in its own fashion and time, till, within the space of thirty days, we have a living body, every part delicately adjusted to perform its proper function. Every muscle has its

have within themselves the power of adjustment to new conditions imposed by their animate or inanimate environment. They are not made to pattern, and, moreover, there are no "square pegs in round holes" in Nature. Exactly how this adjustment is effected the wisest of us cannot even guess at. Even nearly related species of the same group will respond differently to the same stimuli. I realise that I ought to cite some examples of this adjustment which enables living bodies to overcome the obstacles of life. But with the whole animal kingdom—and vegetable kingdom too, for the matter of that—to select from, where and what shall I choose? I have hundreds of thousands of examples to serve my needs!

I select, then, a random sample from among my collection of photographs. And these carry us to the still, clear depths of the sea-floor. It shows us three members of that group of crustacea forming the order *Decapoda*. They are as unlike as can well be. Yet we can see that, in spite of this unlikeness, they are all built on a common plan. But they have avoided the perils and evils of competition among themselves by reason of their inherent powers of adjustment to different modes of life. In the familiar lobster we find long, tapering antennæ, or "feelers," and huge "big claws" (Fig. 1). Compare this with the "flat lobster" (Fig. 2). Here the antennæ have become transformed into great flat plates, used as shovels: and there are no "great claws," but the rest of the body, as in the lobster, is formed of a series of broad, beautifully jointed rings. Now turn to Fig. 3, one of the hermit crabs. The body is no longer protected by broad bands of shell, but, instead, is soft and



1. THE COMMON LOBSTER: A MEMBER OF THE SAME ZOOLOGICAL ORDER (*DECAPODA*) AS THE OTHER CRUSTACEA ILLUSTRATED ON THIS PAGE, BUT MARKEDLY DIFFERENT FROM EITHER OF THEM.

For comparative purposes, this may be regarded as a typical crustacean. The body, behind the great head-shield, composed of a number of broad plates of stony hardness, terminates in a "tail-fin" made up of separate leaf-like plates.

this question an ethical background which obscures the vision of those who ask it. They want and expect me to reply Yes. Yet I must return an emphatic No. I do this, however, in no aggressive or pessimistic spirit, but blithely, for to me this "No" is justified by a vision of a far more beautiful and wonderful and uplifting view of Nature.

The desire to find evidence of "Design" everywhere is really born of mental laziness: of a desire to acquire merit without taking the trouble to investigate. It is easy to say of this or that strange plant or animal, "Of course, this is evidence of design; and no doubt it would seem even more wonderful if I could only understand it," and then leave it without the slightest effort or the slightest desire to understand it. What do we mean by "evidence" of design? When such "evidence" is produced by the protagonists of design, it amounts to no more, and can never amount to more, than the expression of an opinion. And though each one of us has a right to his own opinion, he cannot claim to enforce its acceptance on his neighbours.

In the days of Paley and the Bridgewater Treatises, this conception of Design in Nature made hosts of converts. But not a single one of the instances they put forward will stand the test of critical analysis, based on an appeal to fact. Time was when men held that the horse's mouth showed evidence of design because of the gap between the front teeth and the grinders, this being "designed" to enable man to thrust in the bit. Yet no one ever seems to have suggested that the septum dividing the nostrils of the bull was designed to enable men to put a ring through it. Why not? The rabbit and the rat have just as marked a gap between the teeth as the horse, yet no one has cited these as proofs of design. Yet this matter of design must be handled delicately, for to many it may truthfully be described as a "cherished dogma," and we may not ride rough-shod over such as are of that way of thinking.

Instances of design, no matter how

proper nerve-supply and blood-supply. The rabbit's digestive tract has its proper glandular tissue for the secretion of digestive fluids, and its proper vessels for the absorption of the digested food, which is conveyed, drop by drop, into the left subclavian vein to ensure growth and repair the muscles and nerves wasted by use. We realise none of these wonderful and orderly sequences when we contemplate "set pieces" which we call "instances of design."

But more than this. All living bodies which have successfully passed their initial stages of development—for the orderly sequences I have mentioned are sometimes thrown out of gear—



2. ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE ORDER *DECAPODA* WITH PECULIAR CHARACTERISTICS: THE FLAT LOBSTER (*SCYLLARUS LATUS*) OF MADEIRA, WHOSE ANTENNÆ HAVE BEEN TRANSFORMED FROM LONG SLENDER RODS TO GREAT FLAT PLATES THAT ARE USED AS SHOVELS.

We reproduced a "close-up" illustration of the flat lobster in our issue of July 18 last year. We then took the opportunity to note that it has been suggested that the flat lobster's curious flat antennæ are also a means of defence; and further, that none of this lobster's claws bear "nippers."

naked, with a hook instead of a tail-fin. And this soft body, prized by fishes, is thrust into the empty shells of whelks, and similar univalve molluscs.

If we call these so many instances of "Design," we must leave it at that. But regard them as living bodies, mysteriously endowed with powers of adjustment to rise to the conditions of their environment, and we find examples of the wonderful things living bodies can achieve, and precious sources of inspiration and hope and encouragement. Regarded as so many "designs," they leave us cold. They are, then, no more than so many pieces of animated statuary, or "clockwork" machines, made to an unchangeable pattern!

Man differs from the "beasts that perish" in that he has a big brain enabling him to think. Yet how seldom is that brain used up to its full working capacity? How prone he is to adopting ideas born of a bygone century, just to save the trouble of thinking. Modern conditions of life—and they are indeed strenuous—and the allurements of great cities have made him, and are making him, more than ever a victim of the "herd instinct." The mysteries and wonders of life seem to have less and less attraction for him, which is a deplorable state to have fallen into. What shall we do to be saved?



3. A GIANT HERMIT CRAB (*PAGURUS PUNCTULATUS*) LIVING IN THE SHELL OF A UNIVALVE MOLLUSC: ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE ORDER *DECAPODA*; ILLUSTRATED HERE TO SHOW HOW PLASTIC ARE LIVING BODIES IN MAKING ADJUSTMENTS TO EXTERNAL ENVIRONMENT.—[Photographs by F. W. Bond.]

# PHOTOGRAPHY WITHOUT LENS OR NEGATIVE: A "LIGHT-PICTURE."

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY RUDOLPH MULLER, SCHÖNHAUSEN.



"COMPOSITION": A "LIGHT-PICTURE" WITH A STRONG RHYTHMIC EFFECT, MADE FROM AN ARRANGEMENT OF SIMPLE OBJECTS, WITHOUT THE USE OF CAMERA, LENS, OR PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATE OR FILM.

In explanation of this remarkable "light-picture," produced without negative, lens, or camera, the following note has been supplied by the famous photographer, Mr. E. O. Hoppé, whose work is well known to our readers. "Modern photography," he writes, "has made a tremendous advance during the past few years, but none more sensational than that of making photographs without a camera or lens. The times are past when photography ranked as a purely mechanical reproduction of objects placed before the optical eye of the camera. These new 'light-pictures' are the result of long experiment by a master of art and technique, who

has discovered that designs may be created of a nature hitherto impossible to obtain by any other means, giving full rein to the imagination and skill in composing. The design is built up on the surface of sensitive paper by transmitted light. Either opaque or transparent objects may be employed, tones and gradations being effected by colour, patterns by skilful manipulation. It is fascinating work, within the compass of the skilled amateur or the artist with no photographic knowledge. The materials necessary are simple—controllable light and objects of any kind or form, with unlimited patience, and a *flair* for design and pattern."

## ANCIENT DOGS VERY LIKE MODERN DOGS: CHINESE "ANCESTORS"

IN GLAZED POTTERY OF THE HAN, WEI, AND T'ANG DYNASTIES.

By Lady KITTY RITSON. Illustrations by Courtesy of the Royal Ontario Museum. (See opposite.)

THE accompanying photographs, which are reproductions of specimens of Chinese pottery in the Royal Ontario Museum at Toronto, represent dogs of the Han, Wei, and T'ang Dynasties; and are craftsmanship of, roughly, the second, fifth, and seventh centuries. They are interesting as apparently representing several of the well-known breeds of to-day, showing that even as long ago as the period in which those Dynasties flourished the primitive type of dog had already been modified to a marked degree, although there are several specimens of the chow and spitz. (Figure 1 opposite.)

Figure 4 introduces a "civilised" dog, probably of the mastiff type, although the figure at the bottom left of the photograph is curiously reminiscent of a modern Labrador. The Labrador, however, is of very recent origin, while the mastiff, in one form or another, is mentioned in many of the old chronicles. These dogs were probably Tibetan mastiffs. The dog in the top right-hand corner in the same Figure has rather the appearance of a bloodhound, but it is probably merely the manner in which the artist has modelled it, as the

than probable that these figures represent specimens of this breed. Greyhounds were well known in Greece and were bred there.

The lower dog of the two reproduced below in the photograph D is of the type that we know in this country as an Alsatian, although the Alsatian is probably the least pure representative of the universal shepherd-dog type, the berger Malinois, the berger Belge, and the Groenendal being more akin to the original sheep-herding dog. The Alsatian appears to have had crosses of Great Dane—and, it may be, of gun-dog—blood, introduced. All these shepherd dogs are first cousins to the spitz, but do not carry their tails curled over the back. The dog in the plate has the bushy tail of the shepherd dog.

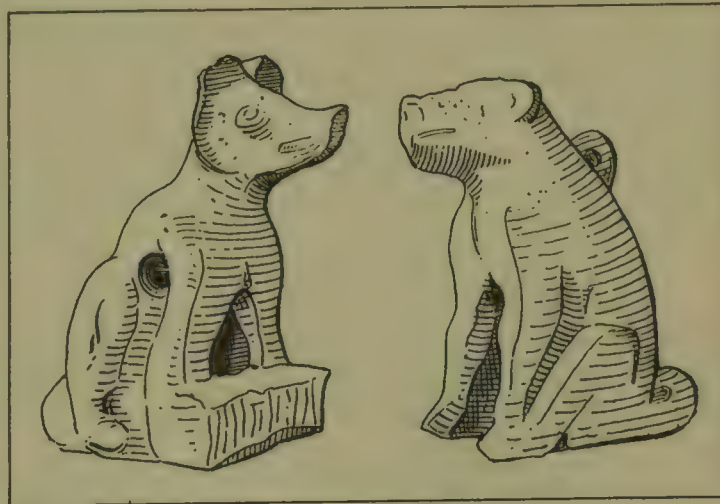
The upper dog of the two reproduced below in photograph D is of obscure origin. It appears to have had cropped ears. But is it not possible that it may be simply a representation of somebody's pet, which, like many pets of to-day, was of no known variety? We know that the Chinese made portraits of some of the celebrated horses of their day; and if there are portraits of horses, might there not be portraits of dogs?

Figure 1 represents dogs of the chow and spitz type. They are all Wei Dynasty, except the one

writer on dogs, believes that the chow was not indigenous to China, but was made by crossing the Tibetan mastiff with the Esquimau dog. On the other hand, many canine authorities, especially in Canada, are of the opinion that the husky is the result of a cross between the chow and the wolf, and that when the ancestors of the American Indians crossed from Asia to America, *via* the Behring



A.—A CHINA DOG OF THE HAN DYNASTY (TOP) AND ONE OF THE T'ANG DYNASTY—HERE DRAWN HALF SIZE.



B.—CHINA DOGS OF THE HAN DYNASTY—HERE DRAWN ONE-THIRD SIZE.

Straits, they took with them their chow dogs, which mated with the wolves on the new continent. Personally, I am inclined towards the latter theory.

Figure 3 represents dogs which are difficult to classify, although the animal in the top right-hand corner might well represent the Chinese pug, or "Lo-sze," which was a short-haired, short-nosed dog. It is believed that the Pekingese was sometimes crossed with these dogs. All the dogs in this Figure belong to the period of the T'ang Dynasty, which was a time of great prosperity for China, and when, incidentally, the cult of the Lion Dog, as the Pekingese was then called, was at its height. During this period there was a great deal of intercourse between China and the other nations of the world, and the other figures in Figure 3 might well represent foreign imported dogs, for even before the T'ang Dynasty "dogs of Fu-lin" were well known in China. "Fu-lin" probably meant the Byzantine Empire, or some portion of it.

The drawings (A., B., C., reproduced here) are most interesting as including three obvious Pekingese, which was the royal dog *par excellence*. The figure of the "Lion Dog," showing the little animal in a begging position, is very typical, as it was the attitude assumed by the royal dogs when seated by the Emperor, and this trait seems to have been transmitted to their descendants, as any lover of Pekingese well knows. Two of the Pekingese belong to the T'ang period, and the third to the Wei Dynasty. It must be remembered that these little dogs were very conventionalised by the artists of the day, and were inextricably mixed with the Buddhist lion, a constant attendant upon Buddha. The two figures of dogs with prick ears belonging to the Han Dynasty are probably chows although one of them has a pug-like tail.



D. A CHINA DOG OF THE WEI DYNASTY (TOP) AND A CHINA DOG OF THE T'ANG DYNASTY—THE FORMER A BEAST OF OBSCURE ORIGIN, APPARENTLY WITH CROPPED EARS; THE LATTER OF AN "ALSATIAN" TYPE.



C.—CHINA DOGS OF THREE DYNASTIES: HAN (TOP LEFT AND BOTTOM LEFT); WEI (TOP RIGHT); AND T'ANG—HERE DRAWN ONE-QUARTER SIZE.

bloodhound proper was not likely to have been found during the T'ang Dynasty, of which this is an example.

The five dogs shown in Figure 2 would appear to be a species of greyhound, and, as this claims to be one of the oldest and purest breeds known, it is more

shown in the centre, which is Han and is that suggesting a spitz type. It is generally acknowledged that the spitz type, which includes the chow, Esquimau, elk-hound, etc., is the oldest and most primitive form of dog. Mr. Ash, the well-known

# ANCIENT DOGS VERY LIKE MODERN DOGS: CHINESE "ANCESTORS."

(SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



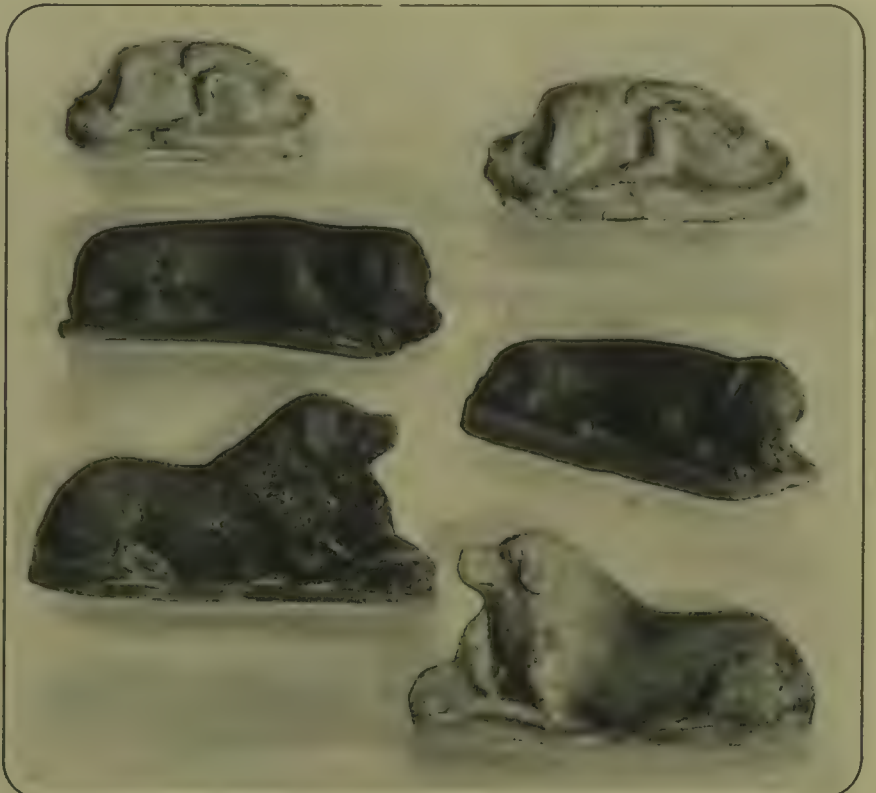
1. DOGS OF THE CHOW TYPE AND ONE OF THE SPITZ TYPE—THE CHOW REPRESENTED BY CHINA FIGURES OF THE WEI DYNASTY; THE SPITZ BY A HAN FIGURE (CENTRE).



2. APPARENTLY REPRESENTING A SPECIES OF GREYHOUND: FOUR T'ANG DYNASTY CHINA FIGURES AND ONE OF THE WEI DYNASTY (TOP RIGHT-HAND).



3. DOGS DIFFICULT TO CLASSIFY, BUT POSSIBLY IMPORTED FOREIGN DOGS; EXCEPT (TOP RIGHT) A CHINESE PUG, OR "LO-SZE": CHINA FIGURES OF THE T'ANG DYNASTY.



4. INTRODUCING A "CIVILISED" DOG OF THE MASTIFF TYPE; PROBABLY TIBETAN MASTIFFS: FIGURES OF THE T'ANG DYNASTY (AT TOP) AND OF THE WEI DYNASTY.

In view of the recent holding of the world-famous Cruft's Show, with an entry of seventy-nine breeds and varieties, and of the general interest in dogs, the photographs here given, and the drawings and the article on the opposite page, should be acceptable to many. As Lady Kitty Ritson notes, all the specimens of Chinese pottery with which we deal are in the Royal Ontario Museum at Toronto, and are valuable not only in themselves, but in that they may be taken to represent several of the well-known breeds of to-day and to show that

the primitive type of dog had been modified to a marked degree as long ago as the Han, Wei, and T'ang Dynasties, although several specimens of the chow and spitz are in evidence. With regard to the illustrations on this page, the following comments may be made: (1) It is generally acknowledged that the spitz type, which includes, the chow, Esquimaux, elk-hound, etc., is the oldest and most primitive form of dog. (2) It is more than probable that this photograph shows greyhounds; for the dog claims to belong to one of the oldest and purest breeds known. (3) It is thought that the Pekingese were sometimes crossed with the Chinese pug. During the T'ang Dynasty, the cult of the "Lion Dog" (as the Pekingese was called) was at its height. (4) The dog at the bottom left suggests the modern Labrador, but the Labrador is of very recent origin.

# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AT a time when we piously celebrate the centenaries of minor poets, and when "the tale of Troy divine" holds the London stage (albeit in a form likely to tickle Thersites more than Agamemnon), we can hardly be accused, as a nation, of neglecting the Muses or despising the classics. I will not go so far as to suggest that all newspaper-readers, when informed of the tributes offered to the memory of George Crabbe, forthwith ordered his complete works; or that the face of Miss Evelyn Laye has launched a thousand subscriptions to the Classical Association and the Loeb Library. I think we may fairly claim, however, that our English poets, at least when sufficiently dead, are not without honour in their own country; while an awakening of popular interest in Greek epic may result from the Homeric humours of Mr. George Robey and Mr. W. H. Berry, not to mention the light poetic craft of Mr. A. P. Herbert.

These phenomena afford a ray of hope for those of us who were "raised" on Latin and Greek and are regarded by the practical modern person, "more in pity than contempt," as victims of a misdirected education. Just lately, too, I have been pleasantly surprised to find certain of our younger poets, even, reverting to antiquity for a choice of theme. An interesting example is "TRAGEDY UNDER LUCIFER." A Pastoral Poem with a prose poem Epilogue. Preceded by an Essay in Defence of Modern Poetry. By Anthony Crossley (Christophers; 5s.). The author, an Eton and Oxford man, combines, like the Greeks of Pindar's day, a taste for dramatic verse with athletic pursuits and political activities. He is, I am told, a Wimbledon tennis-player, and he won a seat for the Conservatives (at Oldham) in the General Election. The occurrence of the word "pastoral" in his sub-title recalls the joyous cry of the Gilbertian fairies—

Strephon's a Member of Parliament!

The term "pastoral," however, does not seem to me correct here, for it seldom, if ever, suggests tragedy. Personally I do not quite like the title itself, and I should have preferred something rather Greek than Latin in origin, and more closely indicating the subject. We know, of course, that Lucifer was "star of the morning," but unfortunately his is one of those names of old renown (such as Vesta, McIntosh, and so on) which have acquired a debased connotation through operations of commerce.

Mr. Crossley's beautiful poem is really a tragic drama, with two characters (apart from the epilogue) in a setting which begins, indeed, as idyllic, but ends amid sterner scenes on the sacred mountain of song. The author has retold the story of Marsyas, the Phrygian flute-player who challenged Apollo (with his lyre) to a musical duel. It is one of those legends, I think, that led a modern humourist to remark that the average Greek god, whatever else he might be, was no gentleman; for Apollo put his defeated opponent to a cruel death. The scene of the contest is here changed from Nysa to Parnassus, on whose slopes was the famous fountain of Castalia, named after the nymph who was drowned in it while flying from Apollo's amorous pursuit. Mr. Crossley has further imported a dramatic element of his own invention (not, as far as I know, based on any classical authority) by making Castalia a temptress who, in order to attract Apollo to herself, enticed Marsyas to issue his rash challenge, but afterwards, falling in love with him, endeavoured too late to dissuade him from the encounter.

In some respects Mr. Crossley's poem reminds me of the "Marpessa" of Stephen Phillips, a kindred idyll wherein Apollo like-wise figures as the rival of a mortal suitor, but with happier results for the human lovers. In treatment, however, there is a marked difference. I have not found in Mr. Crossley's work any "haunting" lines that stick in the memory, such as those where the sun-god tells Marpessa how she will see, from his airborne chariot—

Adoring Asia kindle and hugely bloom.

On the other hand, in place of uniform blank verse, Mr. Crossley uses that and a great variety of other metres, narrative or lyrical, with sustained power and flexibility, while his diction is invariably felicitous.

From so multiform a poem it is difficult to choose a representative piece for quotation. Perhaps the following lines, from the temptation episode, may serve to show the poet's lyrical manner. (Castalia speaks)—

Let us be one with night, and mark  
The silver sliding into dark,  
The darkness ripening into day.

From a noted Irish poet comes a new volume called "POEMS." By Padraic Colum (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.). This author classifies his work under five headings—1) Reminiscences, Dramatic Legends, Dramatic Idylls;

(2) Wild Earth; (3) Other Lands and Seas; (4) Creatures; (5) Old Pastures. The second part is dedicated "To A. E., who fostered me." The whole book is redolent of Ireland and the Irish spirit. In a few pieces, touching on recent history, it may seem strange that so bitter a feeling against England should be expressed in English for an English public. Happily such instances are rare, and for the most part English as well as Irish readers can enjoy the charm of the verse untainted by old political animosities.

It takes a little time to become attuned to the poet's mood and manner, especially in the opening poem, "Reminiscence," whose twelve constituent sections, being merely numbered and not titled, produce a rather bewildering and disconnected effect. That, at least, was my experience. It is worth while to persevere, however, for on closer perusal these poems will be found, I think, to possess a quality all their own. There is a pervading sense of sympathy with Irish peasant life and the aspirations of the poor, as in "An Old Woman of the Roads," and a beautiful "Cradle Song," to which a cottager's child is lulled asleep—



A MASTER OF CRIME FICTION AND DRAMA: THE LATE MR. EDGAR WALLACE, WHO ROSE FROM OBSCURE ORIGIN TO WORLD-WIDE POPULARITY AS A NOVELIST, PLAYWRIGHT, AND JOURNALIST—A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT BEVERLY HILLS, NEAR HOLLYWOOD, WHERE HE DIED.

Mr. Edgar Wallace, who died on February 10, at Beverly Hills, near Hollywood, California, where he was writing scenarios for talking films, was born in East London, of humble parentage, in 1875. When nine days old he was adopted by a Billingsgate porter, of Deptford, and he afterwards attended a Board School at Peckham. His early experiences in those years are described in his book, "People." He began then that close study of the criminal world so conspicuous in his books and plays. After leaving school, he earned his living by various odd jobs—as newsboy, printer's boy, in a factory, on a Grimsby trawler, on a milk round, and as a builder's "cad." Then he enlisted in the Royal West Kent Regiment, and later transferred to the Medical Staff Corps, with which, in 1896, he went to Simons Town, South Africa. There he came into notice by a poem of welcome to Mr. Kipling, from whom he received encouragement. Leaving the Army for journalism, he served as war correspondent during the Boer War, and afterwards edited the "Rand Daily Mail." Coming to London, he became a reporter on the "Daily Mail," and first made his name with his story "The Four Just Men." Thus began his literary career. He was extraordinarily prolific, completing some 150 novels and 14 plays, the last of which, "The Green Pack," was produced in London on the night of his death. He was also noted as a dramatic critic and a writer on racing, and was chairman of the British Lion Film Corporation. In the General Election he stood as Liberal candidate for Blackpool.

Mavourneen is going  
From me and from you,  
Where Mary will fold him  
With mantle of blue.

Especially appealing, too, are the poems on animals and birds. That the poet has strayed beyond his native isle is evident from "Hawaii" and other travel pieces.

It is a far cry from the Ireland of to-day to that of which many incidental glimpses occur in "MARIA EDGEWORTH: CHOSEN LETTERS." With an Introduction by F. V. Barry and Frontispiece Portrait Group of the Edgeworth family, c. 1789 (Cape; 12s. 6d.). The last letter, written from Edgeworthstown, the family estate in Ireland, on May 7, 1849, ends with the following lines by Maria herself—

Ireland, with all thy faults, thy follies too,  
I love thee still; still with a candid eye must view  
Thy wit, too quick, still blundering into sense,  
Thy reckless humour; sad improvidence.

Maria Edgeworth, incurable moralist and teacher-in-chief of an educational father's prolific family of eighteen (by four marriages), did not aspire to be a poet. Mr. Barry writes of her: "Poetry she hardly understood unless it stooped to literal truth. In mastery, Pope stands for her ideal, Crabbe in sincerity." These interesting letters, mostly from the unpublished Memoir by her third step-mother, show her flitting about from Ireland to England, France or Switzerland, and always in the best company. They give a gossipy account of the more serious-minded and high-principled element in the society of her time.

In a lively volume of biographical impressions by a modern Irish writer—"PORTRAITS." By Desmond MacCarthy (Putnam; 7s. 6d.)—several poets occur. The alphabetical order causes some curious juxtapositions. Thus Wilfrid Blunt is sandwiched between Arthur Balfour and Oscar Browning; Clough between Mr. Patrick Campbell and Conrad; Horace between Sir William Harcourt and Father Ignatius. Clough suffered disparagements from the late author of "Eminent Victorians," who called him "an earnest adolescent with weak ankles"; but, in fact, he was no mean athlete. "His name," writes Mr. MacCarthy, "was long remembered as one of the two best goal-keepers on record; I doubt if Mr. Lytton Strachey would have got the ball past him." Later, we read: "The critic who did more than any other to damage Clough's reputation as a poet was Swinburne," who "imbedded in the prose of his Essay on Byron the following limerick: 'There was a poor poet called Clough, whom his friends found it useless to puff. The public though dull has not such a skull as belongs to believers in Clough.'" To which Mr. MacCarthy retorts, regarding Swinburne's poem on a cat: "Now the public though crass is not such an ass as to put to a cat such a question as that."

In the chapter on J. K. Stephen Mr. MacCarthy declares that the author of "Lapsus Calami" was Eton's bard in a truer sense than Thomas Gray ever was. "The Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College" was for our taste much too like the kind of poetry we wrote unwillingly ourselves in dead languages. Gray's questions to the Thames—

'Who foremost now delight to cleave,  
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?  
The captive linnet which enthrall?'

left us cold. Swimmers we never thought much of, and what Etonian spent his afternoons enthralled in linnets? True, a friend of mine succeeded in keeping an owl under his bed for nearly ten days, and the bird was only discovered through his being observed to secrete slices of cold beef in an envelope at supper."

From our poets of lighter quill has been gathered, by one who is himself not least among them, a bright garland of fun and fancy in "HUMOROUS VERSE." An Anthology Chosen by E. V. Knox (Chatto and Windus; 3s. 6d.). This dainty little book—an addition to the Phoenix Library—includes, with much else, examples from Praed, Calverley, Lewis Carroll, J. K. Stephen, Gilbert, Sir Owen Seaman, A. D. Godley, A. P. Herbert, and Hilaire Belloc. The anthologist's scope is wide enough to cover "The Mermaid Tavern" of Keats and a few lines from Tennyson's "Audley Court," which I imagine are given either as unconscious humour or bathos. Tennyson's intentional humour, I should say, is rather to be found in some of his dialect poems. Among seven gems from Calverley is his "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Making a Fortune." Facing it is Hartley Carrick's delicious sonnet, "Oxford Re-visited."

This bring me, in conclusion, to a slim little book that is an outcome of modern Oxford, namely, "MOUNT ZION"; or, In Touch with the Infinite. By John Betjeman. Illustrated (James Press; 5s. 6d.). It is perhaps not quite typical of undergraduate humour, for the author evidently has a distinctive predilection for matters ecclesiastical, notably in architecture, as in a "Hymn" beginning—

The Church's Restoration  
In eighteen-eighty-three.

The subjects at which he aims his shafts of satire seem, on the whole, to be rather old-fashioned or unfamiliar, but he has a faculty for pointed rhyme which might be turned to more effective and popular use. C. E. B.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



THE RT. HON. S. M. BRUCE.

To come to London after the Ottawa Conference (where he will be one of the Australian representatives) as Minister representing the Australian Commonwealth. He will discharge the functions of High Commissioner.



HEIR TO THE EGYPTIAN THRONE: PRINCE FAROUK, WHO RECENTLY CELEBRATED HIS TWELFTH BIRTHDAY; WITH HIS SISTERS.

On February 11, H.R.H. Prince Farouk, only son of King Fuad I. and heir to the Egyptian throne, celebrated his twelfth birthday. A correspondent sends us details of the Prince's education, which includes not only the language, literature, and religion of his own country, but two foreign tongues, French and English.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE RT. HON. SIR RICHARD SQUIRES.

Premier of Newfoundland. Hurt in a demonstration of unemployed on February 11, when rowdies broke into the Council Chamber and assaulted him. Fortunately his injuries were confined to minor cuts on his hand.

MR. PATRICK REYNOLDS.

Shot dead in County Leitrim while canvassing; together with a detective officer. The crime is reported to be without political motive. Government candidate in this week's Irish Election and previously a Member of the Dail.



MR. JUNNOSUKA INOUE.

Shot dead in Tokyo on February 9. Former Japanese Minister of Finance. Born, 1869. Well-known both as a banker and as a statesman; sometime Governor of the Bank of Japan. A strong advocate of Japan's maintaining the gold standard.



A GRANDSON OF THE KING OF SWEDEN ENGAGED TO A COMMONER: PRINCE LENNART AND HIS FIANCEE.

The King of Sweden originally refused to sanction Prince Lennart's engagement to Miss Karin Nissvandt, a fact which would have made their marriage in Sweden illegal. The wedding will take place in London. The Prince's father is Prince Wilhelm, second son of King Gustav, and his mother was the Grand Duchess Marie Paulovna of Russia. Her marriage with Prince Wilhelm was dissolved in 1914.

MR. H. G. WILLIAMS.

The successful candidate (Unionist) in the by-election at South Croydon, caused by the elevation of Sir W. Mitchell-Thomson to the Peerage. The Unionist majority was 9937.



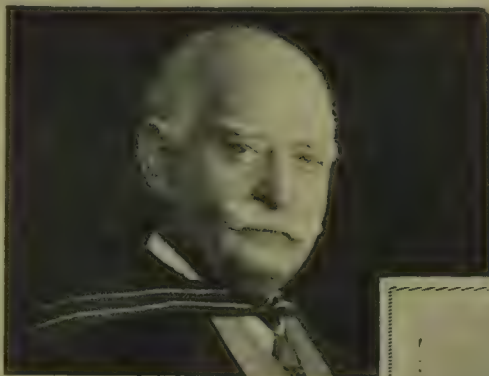
MAJOR J. D. MILLS.

Successful candidate (Unionist) in the by-election in the New Forest and Christchurch Division of Hampshire. The Unionist majority was 18,192 over the votes polled by Dr. G. A. Smith, the I.L.P. candidate.



MR. WILLIAM KNIGHTSMITH.

The best-known toastmaster in London. Died February 12; aged seventy-three. In his early days he was a singer of considerable experience. Had served as an usher to King Edward VII. and to Queen Alexandra.



LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MACKENZIE ROGAN.

Late Director of Music, Coldstream Guards, and Senior Director of Music of the Brigade of Guards. Died February 10; aged seventy-six. Directed the Coldstreamers' band for over twenty years. He rose from band boy.



SIR ARTHUR DUCKHAM.

Died February 14; aged fifty-one. President-elect of the Federation of British Industries. Played a large part in building up a highly technical business of designing and constructing plant for the gas, chemical, and engineering industries.



THE NEW AUSTRALIAN CABINET; WITH MR. LYONS IN THE CENTRE OF THE FRONT ROW.

The names of the Cabinet Ministers seen here are as follows (l. to r., back row): Mr. R. A. Parkhill, Minister of Home Affairs and Transport; Messrs. J. Francis and J. A. Perkins, Honorary Ministers; Senator McLachlan, Vice-President of the Executive Council; Mr. C. A. S. Hawker, Minister of Markets and Repatriation; Mr. C. W. C. Marr, Health and Works and Secretary to the Cabinet. (Front row)—Mr. H. S. Gullett, Minister of Trade and Customs; Mr. J. G. Latham, Attorney-General, Minister of External Affairs and Industry; Mr. J. A. Lyons, Premier and Treasurer; Sir George Pearce, Minister of Defence and Leader in the Senate; and Mr. J. E. Fenton, Postmaster-General.



DR. R. H. KENNETT.

Regius Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge and Canon of Ely. Died February 15; aged sixty-seven. Fellow of Queens' College, Cambridge, 1888. University Lecturer in Aramaic from 1893 to 1903, when he was elected Professor of Hebrew.

## "THE AGE OF WALNUT":

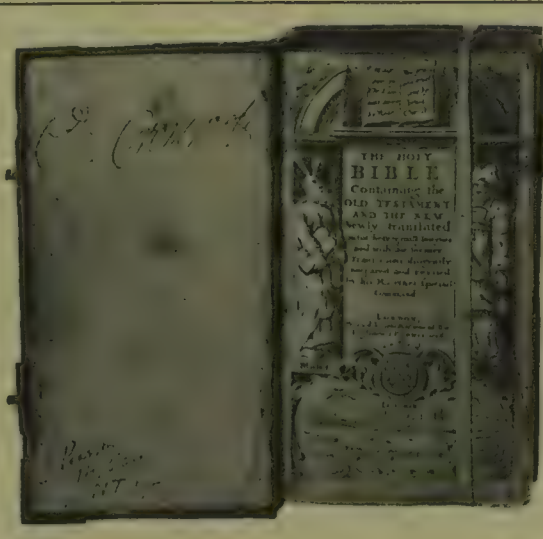


A BRASS-BOUND CASSET OF THE TIME OF CHARLES II.: A FINE PIECE THAT IS TYPICAL OF THE MORE ORNATE WORK OF THE AGE OF WALNUT. *Lent by Sir Gomer Berry, Bt.*



"PORTRAIT OF WOMAN AND CHILD": A CHARMING PAINTING BY CORNELIS JANSSENS, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS JONSON VAN CEULEN, ONE OF THE NUMEROUS FOREIGN ARTISTS WHO WORKED IN ENGLAND. *Lent by Captain Osbert Sitwell.*

## A PERIOD EXHIBITION.



OLIVER CROMWELL'S POCKET BIBLE—WITH HIS AUTOGRAPH: A VOLUME ISSUED BY JOHN FIELD, "ONE OF HIS HIGHNESS'S PRINTERS," IN 1658. *Lent by the London Museum.*



"CHARLES ROSE, THE ROYAL GARDENER, PRESENTING TO CHARLES II. THE FIRST PINEAPPLE GROWN IN ENGLAND": A WORK BY DANCKERTS. *Lent by Sir Philip Sassoon, Bt.*

A LOAN Exhibition called "The Age of Walnut (1660-1714)" will be opened by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on February 23, at Sir Philip Sassoon's residence, 25, Park Lane, in aid of the Royal Northern Group of Hospitals. Thus there will be inaugurated the fifth of a series of kindred period shows. Many exceedingly interesting things will be on view. Concerning certain of those here pictured, we give the following notes. Cornelis Janssens was baptised in London on October 14, 1593, and died in Holland

[Continued below.]



"BONNIE DUNDEE"—JOHN GRAHAM OF CLAVERHOUSE, VISCOUNT DUNDEE: A PORTRAIT BY LELY. *Lent by the Earl of Strathmore.*



ADMIRAL VON TROMP: A NICOLAS MAES PORTRAIT OF THE HERO OF THE BROOM-AT-THE-MASTHEAD STORY. *Lent by Earl Spencer.*

until 1643.—The Oliver Cromwell Bible is dated the year of the Great Protector's death.—John Graham of Claverhouse, first Viscount Dundee, was born about 1649, and, fighting in the Stuart cause, was killed at the Battle of Killiecrankie in 1689.—The Van Tromp of the Maes picture is that Dutch Admiral who



LADY DIANA HOWARD: A PORTRAIT BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER, THE PAINTER WHO WON CHARLES II.'S FAVOUR BY OUTSTRIPPING LELY WHEN PAINTING HIM. *Lent by the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth.*

[Continued.] about 1664. He worked in England from 1618

fought so strenuously against England and was credited with having cruised the Channel with a broom at his masthead, in token of his determination to sweep the waters of his enemies; a picturesque tale, but almost certainly without foundation.—"Minette" was the fifth daughter of Charles I. Her marriage to Louis XIV.'s brother took place in March 1661.



CHARLES THE SECOND'S BELOVED "MINETTE": HENRIETTA, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS; PAINTED BY MIGNARD. *Lent by Earl Spencer.*

# The world wanted the 1932 Standards and THE WORLD HAS WELCOMED THEM!

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*All British—of course!*

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## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

FRENCH LINE ENGRAVINGS—"LE MONUMENT DU COSTUME."

By FRANK DAVIS.

give not only a minute reproduction of the interior decoration, furniture, and dress of the day, but also present the attitude and behaviour of well-bred people on the various occasions forming the subject of each scene and commented upon in a corresponding explanation . . . Unfortunately, we were confronted with the necessity of seeking inspiration from a class of men whose standard of morality should by no means be taken as the nation's. France and Paris itself teem with upright people and virtuous families in whose midst we should vainly have searched for matter adapted to our purpose. Austere reason is hardly compatible with the frenzy which possesses the devotees of prevailing modes: yet the plain appointments of an honest home such as is to be found anywhere, while teaching nothing to our readers, would only have provided dull themes for a work which does not profess to deal deliberately with virtue or vice."

One may smile at the unctuous rectitude of this advertisement, and at the same time remember that beneath the superficial gallantry of much of the typical art of the period was a sound foundation of bourgeois decency, and that the long series of prints which we class together as "*estampes galantes*" are characteristic of only a very small section of society—in other words, that Chardin's housewives in their kitchens are far more representative of the eighteenth-century attitude to life than Boucher's plump nymphs.

Already I find myself straying down a by-path: let us return resolutely to the matter in hand. These prints, then, represent with

undeniable charm the activities of the polite world. There are thirty-six in all, issued in three series of twelve. The first set was published, as already mentioned, in 1774, the second in 1777, the third in 1783. The original series—from which are taken the two illustrations to this article—is supposed to have owed its origin to the suggestion of a German-Swiss banker, I. H. Eberts ("I. H. E. inv.") is inscribed beneath each one), and the designs are by Sigismund Freudeberg. No less than nine engravers were engaged in the work, and it is a tribute to their high technical accomplishment, if not to their individual originality, that it is practically impossible to distinguish any differences in the handling of each plate.

The second series of twelve represents incidents in the life of a lady of fashion, and is after the designs of Moreau le jeune; the third series, after the design of the same artist, is concerned with the life of a courtier. A similar identity of technique is to be observed in each example as was noted in the case of the Freudeberg series; but on the whole the two Moreau sets are superior, because the latter was

a distinguished, rather than a merely competent, draughtsman. Reproductions on a small scale can, of course, give but a sorry idea of the charm and interest of these famous examples of the engraver's



FROM "LE MONUMENT DU COSTUME"—ONE OF A SERIES OF FRENCH PRINTS WHICH IS OF VERY WIDE APPEAL: "LA SOIRÉE D'HYVER"; VALUABLE AS AN EXACT RECORD OF THE COSTUME AND FURNITURE ABOUT 1774, AND AN EXAMPLE OF THE HUMOUR OF THE PERIOD.

The verses below this print imply that "Fanny," who is seen archly shaking her finger at the gentleman, lectures him in vain, for he only profits by her instruction to further his suit with "Mélite," with whom at the moment he is covertly exchanging a note.

art, but my purpose will have been served if they stimulate those who have not yet seen this engaging series to study the originals for themselves.

The Freudeberg series is surrounded by an engraved decorative border which is extremely effective, and each subject is explained by some uncommonly mediocre verse. The extreme accuracy of the details—clocks, brackets, chairs, dress, tables—should be obvious even on a small scale (the actual prints are roughly the size of this page), and for this reason alone they are of interest to a very wide circle of people apart from print-collectors as such.

Let possible owners of an impression of one or more examples from this series should immediately jump to the conclusion that they possess something of great value, I must point out that there have been many later editions, which are practically worthless. The various states of "La Soirée d'Hyver," for example, are as follows—

- (1) Before all letters—that is, a trial proof, and consequently very rare; the tablet beneath is white.
- (2) What is actually the original edition. Beneath is to be found the title—verses—"I. H. E. inv. S. Freudeberg del. Ingouf Junior sculp. 1774."
- (3) As 2, but with the tablet engraved with vertical lines.
- (4) As 3, but with the figure 10 above the address.

Naturally, as in all other prints, the earlier the impression the better the result—later states are inevitably somewhat less clear-cut as the original plate became worn. In addition, a great deal depends upon condition and whether the border has been damaged—so many fine prints from every country have been spoilt by injudicious cutting to fit a particular frame.



A GREAT many people have commenced their careers as collectors by acquiring a few quite late specimens of a particular branch of art, and then, as their enquiries proceeded and their knowledge widened, have gone back and back through the centuries until they have reached the very ancient and the very primitive. For example, the owner of what is by general consent the finest and most complete collection of early Chinese pottery and bronzes in this country, started to collect eighteenth-century English porcelain, and many a man who has almost casually acquired one or two comparatively recent pictures has found himself more and more attracted to the simpler and, on the whole, far more profound artists of the centuries when the craft of painting was an entirely new and wonderful thing in Europe. There is, therefore, no need to apologise for daring to write an introduction to French line engraving in the shape of what, for reasons of space, is little more than a note upon a set of prints which was issued as late as the year 1774. One must start somewhere, and "Le Monument du Costume" is something which requires no artistic knowledge for its appreciation, sets us no problems, and merely reproduces with great technical skill, very little subtlety, and extraordinary accuracy, the fashions and manners of a polite world which was destined, before many years had passed, to sink beneath a flood which in due course receded, but not before it had engulfed every vestige of the old order. Incidentally, this series of plates is to be seen in its entirety by anyone who cares to visit the Print Room at the British Museum.

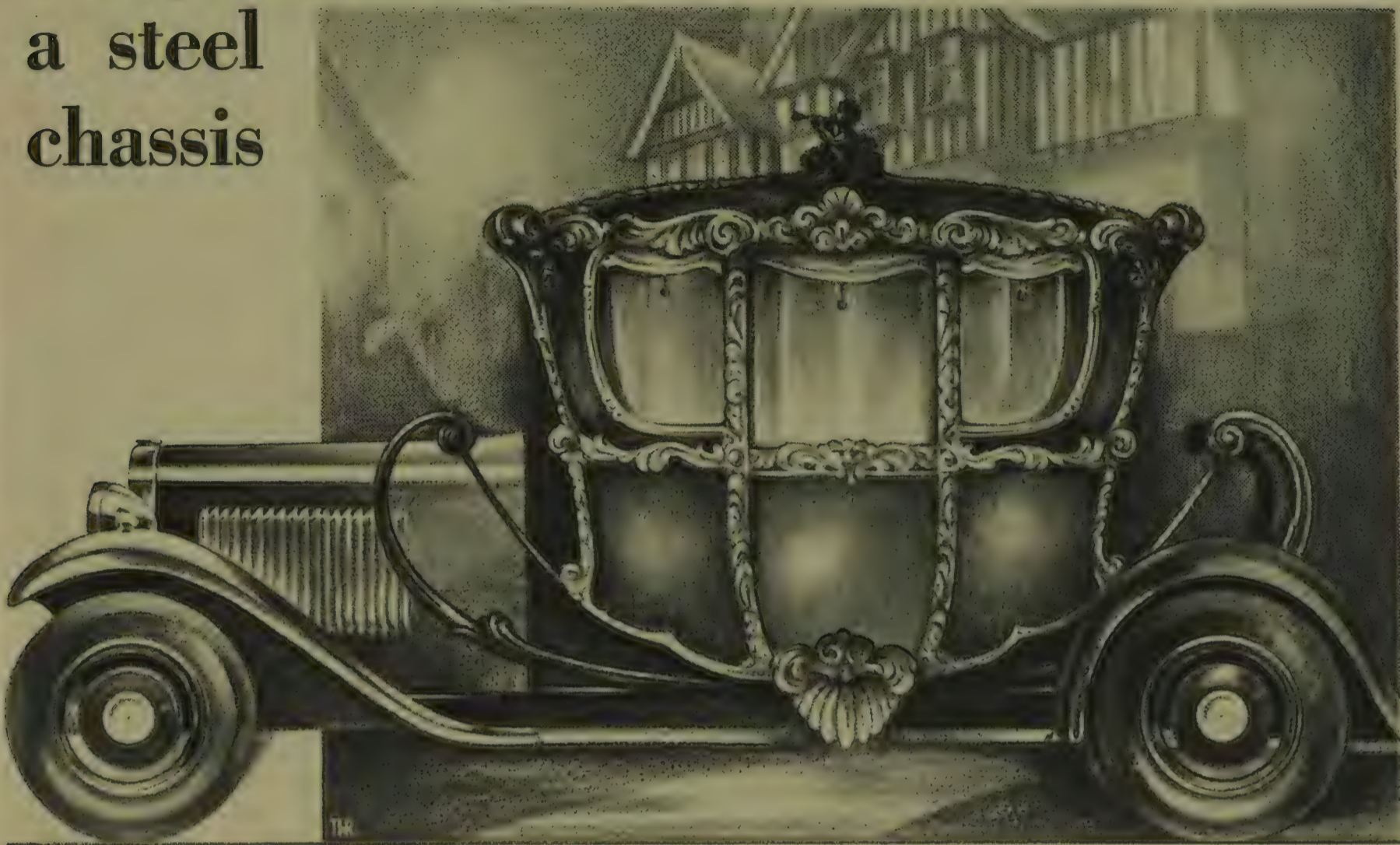
The publisher's preface I have always found mildly entertaining. It is much too long to quote in full, but here is the gist of it: "Our engravings



FROM "LE MONUMENT DU COSTUME"—ONE OF THE SERIES OF PRINTS PROBABLY PROJECTED BY A SWISS, I. H. EBERTS: "LES CONFIDENCES"; DESIGNED BY S. FREUDEBERG, AND ENGRAVED IN 1774.

The verses below indicate that one of the young ladies in the print has been disillusioned about her lover by the portrait shown her by the other. "Reflect that pleasure is nothing but a delicious error. Illusion alone permits happiness and constancy," says the cynical poet.—[Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. J. Rimell and Son.]

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a steel  
chassis



or have you  
a modern "one-piece" car?



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There are folks who will come for miles to see the Lord Mayor's coach—and they'd be dumbfounded if you told them many car bodies are still built very much in this same way. Same bulky wood frame; heavy and splinterable—with a cumbersome wooden sill to hold it down to the steel chassis. Now P.S.C builds body and chassis together; gets rid of everything that gives bulk but not strength; makes body and chassis into *one* unit . . . . pressed steel all through; tough, light, lasting and strikingly good to see. For the first time the modern car body is really part of the modern car . . . thanks to P.S.C.

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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

THERE were two awards in the recent Monte Carlo Rally which every British motorist will be glad to learn were won by English cars and drivers. *Place aux dames*, so let me at once congratulate Mrs. Morna Vaughan and her companion and co-driver, Miss Charlotte Nash, who started from Umea on a 3150-miles journey and won the Ladies' Cup. It was indeed a Triumph, both in the name of the British car and for the pluck of this lady doctor and her friend, a medical student. Within one hundred miles of the finish the little Triumph "Nine" had clocked into every control right up to time. Then Mrs. Vaughan discovered on the road a terrific accident in which two stationary cars and their occupants, making repairs, had been run into by a big car, with terrible results. These ladies stopped for hours in the darkness and in pouring rain, setting four broken legs as the injured men lay in a ditch, unprotected, with not even an umbrella to give any shelter. They would not leave their patients until the local doctor and ambulance arrived, then drove the last lap through Aix, Brignoles, and Frejus, helter-skelter on the Corniche d'Or, to finish sixth in the small-car class and first in the Ladies', and so won the coveted Coupe des Dames after all, well deserving that trophy.

British cars did very well in this Rally, and all of them added to the prestige of our Empire. Still, nothing pleased me more than to learn that England had won the first prize for the most comfortable car in the whole Rally, together with the Grand Prix d'Honneur given only for exceptional merit. This was the Sunbeam 20-h.p. saloon entered by Mr. Humphrey E. Symons. This car also won the Gold Medal presented by the sporting French journal *L'Auto*, for the entrant whose car obtained the highest number of points in the competition

for the most comfortable car. I have always argued that comfort is frequently sacrificed for speed in such competitions. This is a mistake, to my mind, as there are more people who ask for comfort-giving carriages than for very swift, semi-racing machines.

### Singer Cars in Rally.



MR. JOHN E. PRICE: NEW SALES MANAGER OF THE SINGER MOTOR COMPANY.

There is a nice assortment of Singer cars entered for the Royal Automobile Club's Rally to Torquay starting on March 1. For instance, there are two Singer "Six" and two Singer "Junior" cars starting from London. One of the "Sixes" is a "Super" and one of the "Juniors" is a "Special Nine," so all four cars are different. Then Mrs. E. Gordon-Simpson has entered her Singer "Twelve-Six," starting from Bath, while three Singer four-cylinder "Special Nines" are also starting from that ancient city of Roman baths. From Leamington also three "Junior" Specials and one "Junior" ordinary are starting in this Rally, with a Singer "Six" joining them from Buxton. All Singer owners will welcome the appointment of Mr. John E. Price to be in charge of sales, and motorists who are prospective buyers will be equally pleased, as he is a salesman *par excellence*; nothing is too much trouble to satisfy his customers. Mr. W. E.

Bullock, Managing Director of Singers, has built up a wonderful production organisation during the past few years, so that his appointment of Mr. Price gives the latter full scope for his selling abilities. At their present remarkably low prices Singer cars should be easy to sell even in these days of retrenchment. Further, the present range satisfies a very wide market of requirements. The 8-h.p. "Junior" saloon only costs £150, and the Singer programme then proceeds in price valuations of £20-£50 rises in seven different models of four and six cylinders of increasing horsepower up to the 18-h.p. Kaye Don "Six" saloon at £480.

## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

### WORKADAY MUSIC.

THE last Courtauld-Sargent concert at the Queen's Hall under the famous Berlin conductor, Otto Klemperer, offered some tough nuts for the musical palate of the London public, the first being Hindemith's "Concert Music for Piano, Brass and Harps," composed in 1930 and performed on this occasion for the first time in England. Hindemith is one of the most prominent of the younger generation of composers in Germany, and his statement that he is a craftsman providing music for daily use, with his general emphasis on the utility of his music, is rather characteristic of a post-war age in its revolt against idealism.

It is from this point of view that, when asked to describe how a certain composition came to be written, he replied: "My intention was, as always, to make music as decently as I could. Anecdotal interest scarcely applies to such workmen as myself." Regarding oneself as a craftsman does not, with Hindemith, mean copying other men's original creations, for Hindemith's music is so strikingly novel as to be quite disconcerting even to the average amateur familiar with modern music. This originality of his probably springs from his direct attitude to composition. One imagines that Hindemith says to himself: "Here is a pianoforte, a couple of harps, four horns, three trumpets, and a tuba, let us see what sort of a noise can be concocted for this lot!" But as Hindemith is a first-rate craftsman, and knows his job, the music he contrives in this way is astonishingly fresh and interesting. Whether it is more than this is extremely hard to judge at present. There is more for the mind than the ear, but there were some grateful moments during the variations of the third movement, and Mr. Beveridge Webster played the solo pianoforte part with such admirable intensity and expression that he imparted a good deal of his pleasure to the audience. The other players did not seem to have got so thoroughly into the music, but under Mr. Klemperer's alert guidance they made their way safely through the maze of Hindemith's counterpoint.

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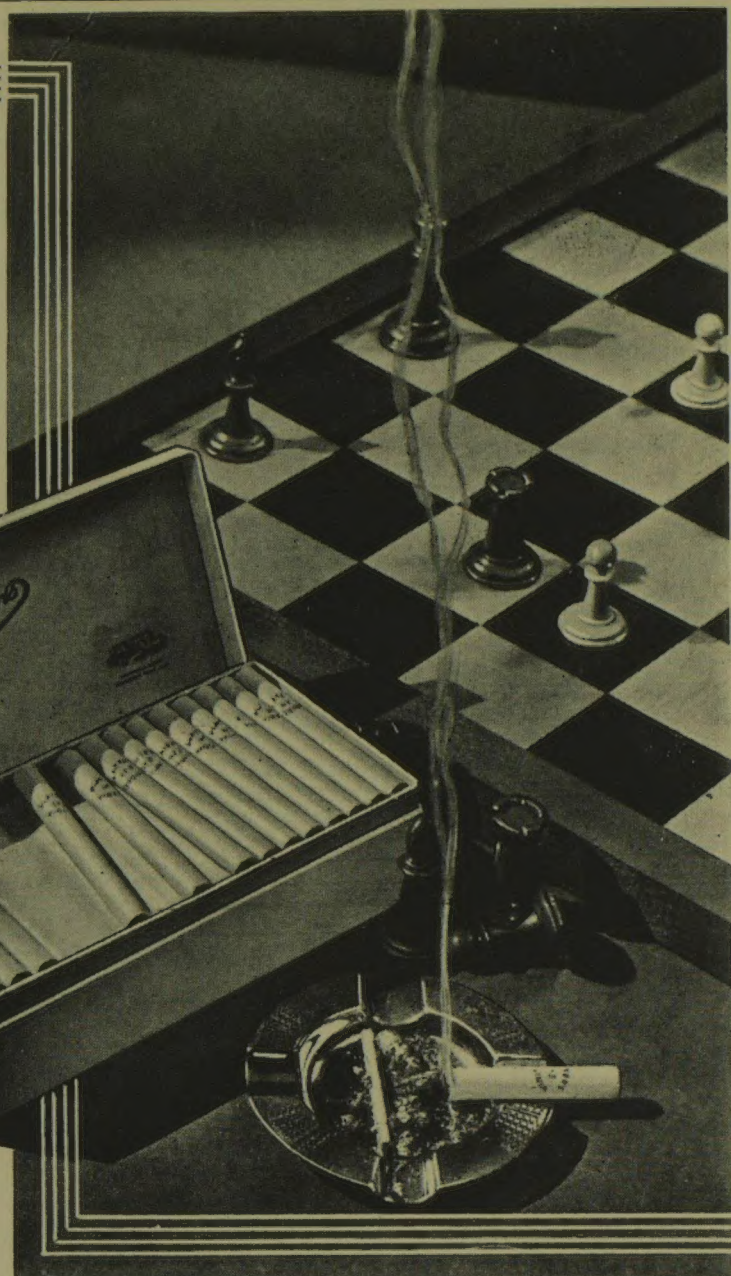
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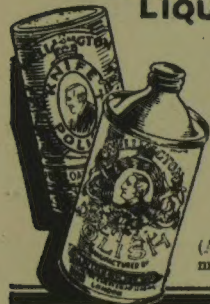
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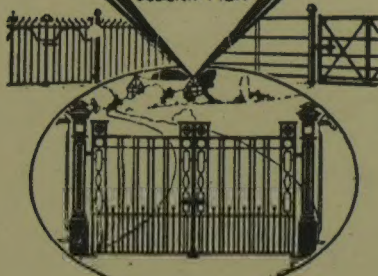
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(Continued.)  
achieved the fame and popularity in this country which is his abroad, I came to the conclusion that one reason is his complete lack—as far as I know his music—of any sense of humour. His Eighth Symphony was given for the first time in London in 1929, and the Seventh Symphony was introduced to us for the first time at this concert by Mr. Klemperer. In neither case was the opinion of most English musicians very favourable. In fact, we might be taunted with showing the sort of indifference to Bruckner which many Continental musicians show to Elgar and Vaughan Williams.

Bruckner is the opposite type to Hindemith. He is interested less in his material than in his ideas, with the result that he does not always do justice to his ideas, which are often of extremely fine quality. On the formal side his music is full of shortcomings. It is long-winded, and a mass of repetitions, with the brass used to vocalise melodically to a monotonous extent. It is terribly in earnest, rather naively simple, and occasionally the sublime in Bruckner is on the verge of the ridiculous. Nevertheless, there are wonderful things in his music, passages of sombre and majestic utterance and strange and beautiful colouring. I feel, however, that this is not an age to appreciate Bruckner. We are both too sophisticated and not sophisticated enough. However, we owe Mr. Klemperer gratitude both for the opportunity to hear one of Bruckner's important works, and for the magnificent performance he secured from an orchestra which was probably none too sympathetic to the music. In Mozart's "Prague" Symphony, which was the only other item on the programme, Mr. Klemperer gave us a splendid example of pure, direct musicianship. In my opinion, Klemperer is to be numbered among the two or three first-rate conductors living to-day.

#### BAX AND BUSCH AT THE B.B.C.

The B.B.C. symphony concert last week was notable for the sound performance of the Brahms Violin Concerto by Adolf Busch—a most excellent violinist who, however, lacks some of the fire and brilliance of his fellow-countryman, Huberman, who recently played the same work here under Furtwängler—and also for the first performance of Mr. Arnold Bax's new "Winter Legends," a Sinfonia Concertante for pianoforte and orchestra. Mr. Bax's new composition is in three movements, and is typical of his music in its richness of colouring and fervour of

mood. I got the impression that it was more tightly knit rhythmically than some of his more recent works, and this adds to its effectiveness. Miss Harriet Cohen played the pianoforte part with admirable vigour and precision, and the first performance was an unusually successful one. W. J. TURNER.

### THE PLAYHOUSES.

#### "JULIUS CÆSAR," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

NOT since the days of Beerbohm Tree has such a fine Shakespearian production been seen in London, and it is fitting it should be housed at His Majesty's Theatre. Cuts there are, as there must be nowadays, when even in its present form it runs for three-and-a-half hours, but there will be few found to cavil at their nature. Marc Antony, Cassius, Brutus, Cæsar, not one of these parts has been butchered to make a Roman holiday. The scenery and costumes are extremely good, considering the nature of the production, when lavishness is not to be expected, while the lighting is extraordinarily good, and Mr. Oscar Asche's handling of the crowds masterly. Mr. Lyn Harding, so long absent from Shakespeare that he was almost unrecognisable in his toga, is a fine Cæsar. Mr. Basil Gill, who played Brutus twenty-five years ago, was then, and still is, the noblest Roman of them all. Mr. Baliol Holloway, as Cassius, suggests the spleen and craftiness that make such men dangerous, and yet contrives to suggest why Brutus loved him so. Mr. Godfrey Tearle is magnificent in the Forum scene; one feels, indeed, that the crowd needed no stage director to be swayed by his Marc Antony. Mr. Lawrence Anderson's fine voice and presence make his Octavius Cæsar stand out. It was a joy to see Miss Lily Brayton again, but the women's parts are, of course, negligible. A worthy effort that should win success.

#### "THE GREEN PACK," AT WYNDHAM'S.

This is only a "mystery" play by courtesy, for it deals with the adventures of three stouthearted pioneers of Empire, and the efforts of a sleek international financier to deprive them of the riches they have won by their strong right arms. It is fairly good entertainment, but shows that Mr. Edgar Wallace was more at home in an atmosphere of sliding panels, shrieks off, and mysterious corpses. The three brave fellows, "grub-staked" by Louis Creet (Franklin

Dyall), have discovered in Portuguese West Africa a swamp of alluvial gold worth many millions. But the suave Creet, having only a "gentleman's agreement" to bind him, asserts they were his paid servants and not partners. In addition, he has seduced the fiancée of the leader of the trio, Larry Deans (Sir Gerald du Maurier). The three men therefore draw lots as to who shall kill him. How he meets his death by the hand of a fourth person provides the touch of mystery a few moments before the fall of the curtain. To say that the audience was left gasping at this *dénouement* is no exaggeration. Not so much by reason of its ingeniousness, as that there had been no hint that the murderer was aware of the pre-meditated crime in which he took a hand, nor had there been any suggestion that he had known of the dishonour which would cause him to desire his victim's death. There is a good deal of repetitious talk, and the action frequently flags, but there are many good lines, and, thanks mainly to the superb direction of Sir Gerald du Maurier, and his performance as Larry, the play is likely to run a while.

A warrant of appointment has been received by the Dunlop Rubber Company, Ltd., as rubber-tyre makers to the Prince of Wales. A Royal Warrant to the King is already held by Dunlop.

Music-lovers throughout the world will be delighted to hear that Artur Schnabel has signed a contract to record exclusively for "His Master's Voice." For years past it has been common knowledge that Schnabel, who is universally recognised as the greatest living interpreter of Beethoven's pianoforte music, has resolutely declined to make gramophone records. He did not believe that the gramophone could do justice to his playing, and would never consent even to make a test record. Recently, however, he became interested in the society just being formed for the recording of Beethoven's Piano Sonatas, and after some persuasion he finally agreed to make a test recording. A fortnight ago these records were played to a select gathering which included Schnabel himself, and so wonderfully did they convey the personal characteristics of his playing and interpretation that he agreed to consider the matter. Negotiations have been completed, and in March Schnabel is coming to London to spend some days in the "H.M.V." new recording studios at St. John's Wood.

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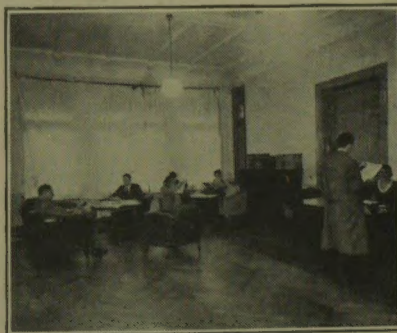
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